NOTORIOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...

PANIC

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

NO. 6
JUNE

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC

2^50
3^65
CANADA

HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN

* THIS COVER, THE RESULT OF HOURS OF CONFERENCE, IS E.C.'S FINAL ANSWER TO THE COMIC BOOK CONTROVERSY. DESIGNED TO OFFEND NO ONE, IT IS BLANK!

COMIC STRIP HEROES THAT LIVE ON AND ON! DEPT. (IF THIS CHARACTER IS KNOCKED OFF, HIS SON WILL STEP INTO THOSE LAVENDER LONGJOHN'S AND CARRY ON, SO WHY BOTHER? DIVISION): DO YOU READ THIS SUNDAY STRIP...THE ONE ABOUT A MASKED HERO (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "HERO", HIS PET HORSE)... A MAN WITH THE PROWESS OF A DEVIL (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "DEVIL", HIS PET DOG)...A DEFENDER OF JUSTICE AND PEACE (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "JUSTICE OF THE PEACE" WHO HE'S DILIGENTLY AVOIDED)... AN INDESTRUCTIBLE CHAMPION FROM A LONG ANCESTRAL LINE OF CHAMPIONS KNOWN AS...

The PHANSOM

By BILL ELDER and WILLIE McELDER

HALP! DINAH! I'M BEING CRUSHED TO DEATH!

GOOD! NOW, MAYBE YOU'LL MARRY ME SO YOU'LL HAVE A SON TO CARRY ON!

HI! MY NAME'S DINAH POTRZEBIE! YES, I'VE BEEN AFTER THE PHANSOM FOR YEARS TO MARRY ME. I'M THE LOVE INTEREST IN THIS FERSHLUGGINER STRIP. ONLY THING IS, EVERY TIME I NEARLY GET HIM TO PROPOSE, I'M KIDNAPPED... LIKE NOW! HELP, PHANSOM! SAVE ME!

I CAN'T! I'M STUCK UNDER THE TITLE LOGO! HERO!? HERE, HERO!? HERO, HERE! HERE HERE, HERO HERO!

18

The PHANSOM

TO BEACHHEAD & REST ROOMS

WHILE I AM BEING ROWED OUT TO A BOAT ANCHORED THREE MILES OFF-SHORE SO THE PHANSOM CAN SWIM OUT AND RESCUE ME, WHICH IS AN ANNUAL GIMMICK IN THIS STRIP, I'LL TELL YOU THE ANCESTRAL HISTORY OF PURPLE PAJAMAS...

WHERE THE DEVIL IS DEVIL? AW, C'MON.. SOMEBODY! GET ME OUT OF HERE!

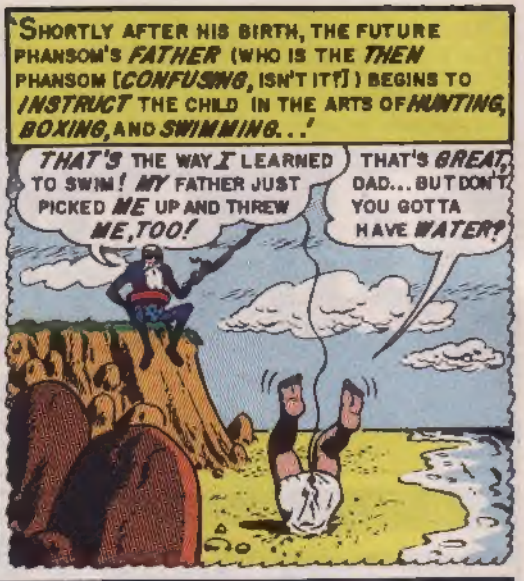
S.S. NAUSEOUS

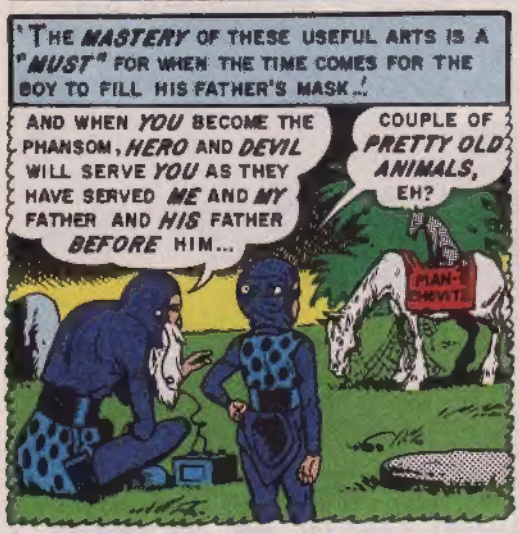
SEE THIS? IT'S MY KNITTING! IT'S FOR THE LAYETTE OF THE FUTURE PHANSOM. LIKE ENGLAND, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A PHANSOM! CUTE, ISN'T IT! PURPLE DOCTOR DENTONS...

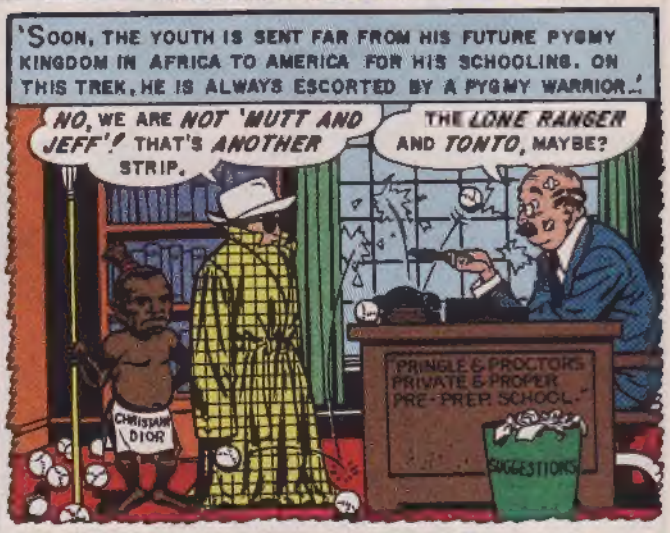
INCIDENTALLY, DEVIL, THE PHANSOM'S DOG, CAN'T HELP HIM BECAUSE HE'S OUT GETTING HIS BEN-DAY RELAID! YOU SEE, HE'S A GREY DOG AND THE BEN-DAY...OH, WELL...

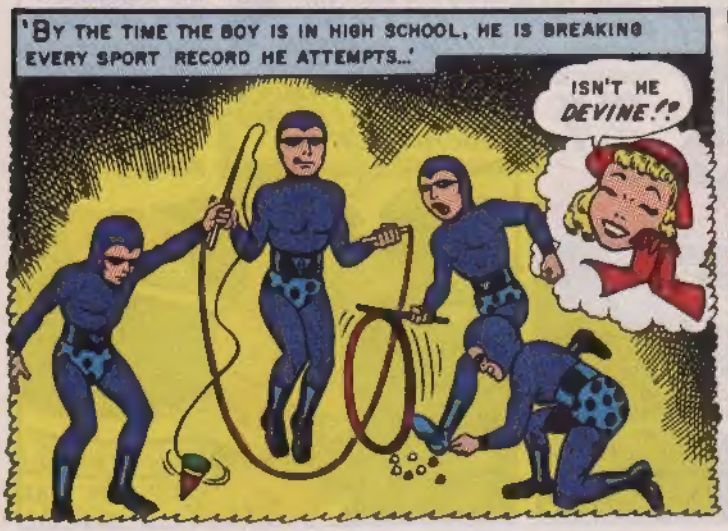
S.
NA

AND HERO, THE PHANSOM'S WHITE HORSE CAN'T HELP HIM BECAUSE HE'S WORKING PART-TIME FOR ANOTHER MASKED HERO... THE LONE SOMEBODY! BUT ENOUGH OF THIS CHIT-CHAT!...
YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A PHANSOM? WELL, TO UNDERSTAND THIS CORNY PHENOMENON, LET'S GO BACK TO A PHANSOM'S BOYHOOD! COMING?
I CAN'T! I'M STILL STUCK UNDER THE LOGO!
NOT YOU, STUPID!


'SHORTLY AFTER HIS BIRTH, THE FUTURE PHANSOM'S FATHER (WHO IS THE THEN PHANSOM [CONFUSING, ISN'T IT?]) BEGINS TO INSTRUCT THE CHILD IN THE ARTS OF HUNTING, BOXING, AND SWIMMING...'
THAT'S THE WAY I LEARNED TO SWIM! MY FATHER JUST PICKED ME UP AND THREW ME, TOO!
THAT'S GREAT, DAD... BUT DON'T YOU GOTTA HAVE WATER?


'THE MASTERY OF THESE USEFUL ARTS IS A "MUST" FOR WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR THE BOY TO FILL HIS FATHER'S MASK...'
AND WHEN YOU BECOME THE PHANSOM, HERO AND DEVIL WILL SERVE YOU AS THEY HAVE SERVED ME AND MY FATHER AND HIS FATHER BEFORE HIM...
COUPLE OF PRETTY OLD ANIMALS, EH?
MAN-CHEVIT


'SOON, THE YOUTH IS SENT FAR FROM HIS FUTURE PYGMY KINGDOM IN AFRICA TO AMERICA FOR HIS SCHOOLING. ON THIS TREK, HE IS ALWAYS ESCORTED BY A PYGMY WARRIOR...'
NO, WE ARE NOT 'MUTT AND JEFF'! THAT'S ANOTHER STRIP.
THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO, MAYBE?
CHRISPIAN DIOR
PRINGLE & PROCTORS PRIVATE & PROPER PRE-PREP SCHOOL
SUGGESTIONS


'BY THE TIME THE BOY IS IN HIGH SCHOOL, HE IS BREAKING EVERY SPORT RECORD HE ATTEMPTS...'
ISN'T HE DEVINE!?

AND THEN THE INEVITABLE. HE IS CALLED HOME SUDDENLY. HIS MOTHER IS SERIOUSLY ILL. HE ARRIVES AT HER BEDSIDE AS SHE DIES...
BE A GOOD PHANSOM, SON!
I CAN'T MA. PA'S STILL ALIVE!

'AFTER MAMA'S DEATH, THE SON AND HIS OLD MAN ARE TOGETHER AWHILE, FISHING AND HUNTING AND RUNNING. BUT DAD'S DAYS ARE NUMBERED. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME TILL HE'S KILLED IN A HUNTING ACCIDENT...'
GEE, POP! I DIDN'T KNOW THE BLOW-GUN WAS LOADED!
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, SON! THE SUIT WAS GETTING PRETTY RAGGED-LOOKING ANYWAY!
PHANSOM'S NEVER...BUT, NEVER DIE IN BED!
'THE FATHER'S OLD PHANSOM OUTFIT, GUN-BELT, POLKA-DOT DRAWERS, AND SKULL RING ARE HUNG AWAY IN THE UNDERGROUND LOCKER ROOM...'
RETIRED!
'AND THE NEW PHANSOM IS CROWNED BY THE PYGMY TRIBE...'
GNNNNNGG...
'NEXT, THE NEWLY CROWNED PHANSOM RETURNS TO AMERICA TO LOOK UP HIS HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEART AND SEE IF SHE'LL RETURN WITH HIM AS HIS BRIDE...'
NO! I DON'T WANT A NICKEL! I'M NOT BLIND! THIS IS A DISGUISE! I'VE COME TO ASK YOU TO MARRY ME AND BECOME AN AFRICAN QUEEN!
OH, I KNOW! YOU'RE HUMPHREY BOGART!
R&H BEER
'WHY ANY DAME WOULD WANT TO BECOME A QUEEN OF A TRIBE OF PYGMYS, I DON'T KNOW... BUT THEY ALWAYS DO. AND IN DUE COURSE A CHILD IS BORN (ALWAYS A SON) AND THE SUPPLY OF PHANSOMS IS ASSURED...'
ISN'T HE CUTE, PHANSOM?
YEAH! NOW, CHANGE HIS DIAPER AND WE'LL GET TO WORK! I GOT TO TEACH HIM TO HUNT AND SWIM AND RUN.
SO THAT'S THE DEAL. THEY GOT ME CHASING THIS LAST OF A LONG LINE OF PHANSOMS...TRYING TO MARRY UP WITH HIM...ONLY SOMETHING ALWAYS COMES UP... LIKE ME GETTING KIDNAPPED! OH, WELL... I GOT TO GO TO WORK...
GAMA GLOBULIN
AFRICAN POST CARDS
HALP! PHANSOM! SAVE ME!
I CAN'T! I'M STILL STUCK UNDER THIS LOGO! MAYBE NEXT WEEK...
The PHANS
BILL ELDER
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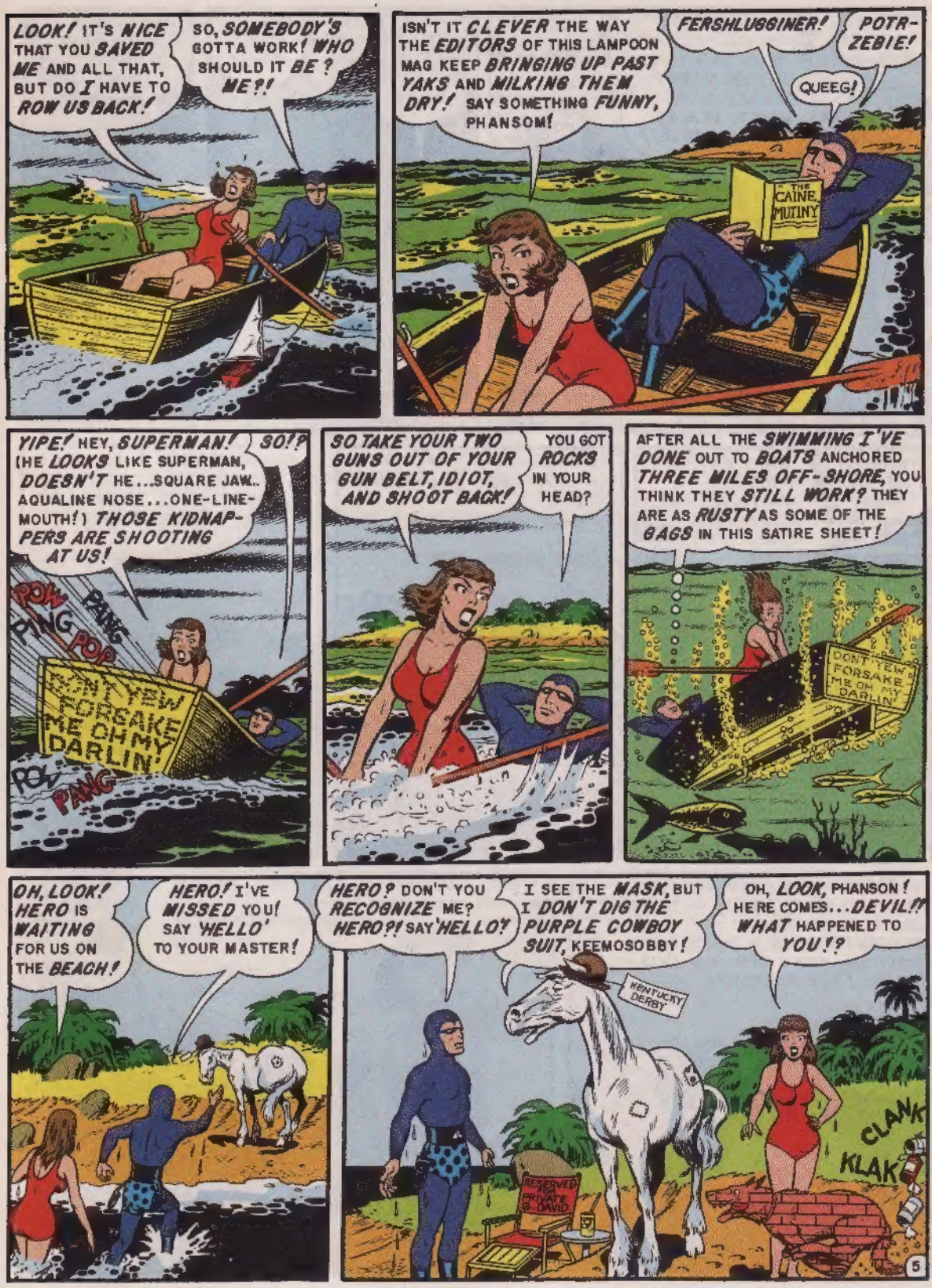
HE'S RIGHT! SOMETIMES THEY CHANGE THE SHAPE OF THE STRIP AND THEY USE A DIFFERENT TITLE LOGO!
HERE I COME, DINAH!
The SPIRIT
YEAST
YEAST
NOTICE HOW THE LONG YEARS OF DILIGENT CHILDHOOD TRAINING HAS PAID OFF. HE SWIMS LIKE A FISH, DOESN'T HE?
I'M COMING, DINAH!
TEA BAGS
OOPS! SORRY! THAT IS A FISH! AW, C'MON, PHANSOM!
WAIT'LL I PUT ON MY WATER WINGS, WILL YOU!
ONY TING, IT STILL 'OITS ME, RIGHT HERE!
Y'KNOW, THE GUY THAT WRITES THIS WRITES MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN!
SO WHO DO YOU THINK LIFTED THE LOGO?
SHIP TO SHORE
HERE HE COMES. OVER THE RAIL... MY HERO!
UH-UH! NOT HERO! IT'S ME! HERO'S GOT A PART-TIME JOB FOR ANOTHER MASKED HERO... THE LONE SOMEBODY...
ISN'T HE A DEVIL?
UH-UH! DEVIL'S GETTING HIS BEN-DAY RELAID!
PLOP!
OH, PUNCH MY KID-NAPPERS IN THEIR JAWS AND LEAVE SKULL-MARKS ALREADY!
WAIT'LL I PUT MY RING ON MY RIGHT HAND... I WANTED TO REMIND MYSELF ABOUT SOMETHING...
MANDALAY OR BUST!
IT'S THE PRES-SURE FROM THAT TIGHT HOOD! IT MAKES HIM FORGET THINGS!
OKAY! NOW WATCH ME GO INTO ACTION!
OF COURSE, WHEN THE PHANSOM GOES INTO ACTION, IT'S PRETTY STIFF ACTION. OUR ARTIST AIN'T NO MILTON CANIFF!

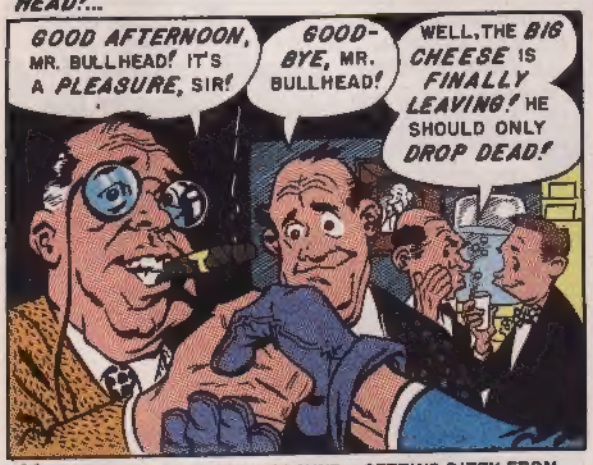

LOOK! IT'S NICE THAT YOU SAVED ME AND ALL THAT, BUT DO I HAVE TO ROW US BACK!
SO, SOMEBODY'S GOTTA WORK! WHO SHOULD IT BE? ME?!
ISN'T IT CLEVER THE WAY THE EDITORS OF THIS LAMPOON MAG KEEP BRINGING UP PAST YAKS AND MILKING THEM DRY! SAY SOMETHING FUNNY, PHANSOM!
FERSHLUGGINER!
POTR-ZEBIE!
QUEEG!
THE CAINE MUTINY
YIPE! HEY, SUPERMAN! (HE LOOKS LIKE SUPERMAN, DOESN'T HE...SQUARE JAW.. AQUALINE NOSE...ONE-LINE-MOUTH!) THOSE KIDNAPPERS ARE SHOOTING AT US!
SO!?
PANG
PANG
POP
PANG
POW
PANG
DON'T YEW FORSAKE ME OH MY DARLIN'
SO TAKE YOUR TWO GUNS OUT OF YOUR GUN BELT, IDIOT, AND SHOOT BACK!
YOU GOT ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD?
AFTER ALL THE SWIMMING I'VE DONE OUT TO BOATS ANCHORED THREE MILES OFF-SHORE, YOU THINK THEY STILL WORK? THEY ARE AS RUSTY AS SOME OF THE GAGS IN THIS SATIRE SHEET!
DON'T YEW FORSAKE ME OH MY DARLIN'
OH, LOOK! HERO IS WAITING FOR US ON THE BEACH!
HERO! I'VE MISSED YOU! SAY 'HELLO' TO YOUR MASTER!
HERO? DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME? HERO?! SAY 'HELLO'?
I SEE THE MASK, BUT I DON'T DIG THE PURPLE COWBOY SUIT, KEEMOSOBBY!
OH, LOOK, PHANSON! HERE COMES...DEVIL!? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU!?
KENTUCKY DERBY
RESERVED FOR PRIVATE D. DAVID
CLANK
KLAK
5

THEY RAN OUT OF BEN-DAY!
PHANSOM! WHY DID YOU PUT YOUR SKULL RING ON YOUR OTHER HAND? WHAT DID YOU WANT TO REMIND YOUR SELF TO DO?
I FORGOT!
IT'S THAT TIGHT HOOD! PHANSOM! WAS IT TO REMIND YOU TO PROPOSE TO ME?
NO! IT WASN'T THAT!
WELL, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO PROPOSE TO ME?
PROBABLY NEVER, DINAH!
WHY? WHY? DON'T YOU WANT TO CONTINUE YOUR ANCESTRAL LINE? DON'T YOU...
DISCARDING OF PAPERS, BOTTLES & BATHING SUITS IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN!
PHANSOM! YOUR COSTUME! IT'S SHRINKING!
ALL THAT SWIMMING...
PHANSOM! YOUR HOOD IS SPLITTING...
WELL, YOU'D FIND OUT SOONER OR LATER!
SO, FOLKS, NOW I KNOW WHY THE PHANSOM'S NEVER ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM SO THAT I COULD HAVE HIS SON AND CONTINUE ON WITH HIS CORNY TRADITION. NOW I KNOW WHY THIS IS THE LAST PHANSOM!
Y'SEE... THIS PHANSOM'S FATHER'S SON WAS A GIRL!
CONFUSING, ISN'T IT?
VASSAR
THE END

BEHIND-THE-SCENES-IN-BIG-BUSINESS HOLLYWOOD MOVIE DEPT. (FIVE V.P.'S FOR A DEAD PREXY'S JOB... YO-HO-HO, AND A PROXY-VOTE FOR ME! DIVISION): THE OTHER DAY, WE TROTTED DOWN TO THE LOCAL BIJOU FOR A LOOK-SEE AT THIS LATEST OFFERING FROM THE MOVIE COLONY. A ***TENSE, DRAMATIC, INSPIRING*** ACCOUNT OF THE ***DIRTY DEALINGS***, THE ***INSIDIOUS SCHEMINGS***, THE ***JOCKEYING*** AND ***JUGGLING***, AND THE ***FINAL, HONEST, IDEALISTIC PLEA*** FOR THE RIGHT OF ***ONE*** OF ***FIVE VICE-PRESIDENTS*** OF A ***BIG CORPORATION*** TO ***PARK HIS CARCASS*** ON THE:

EXECUTIVE SEAT

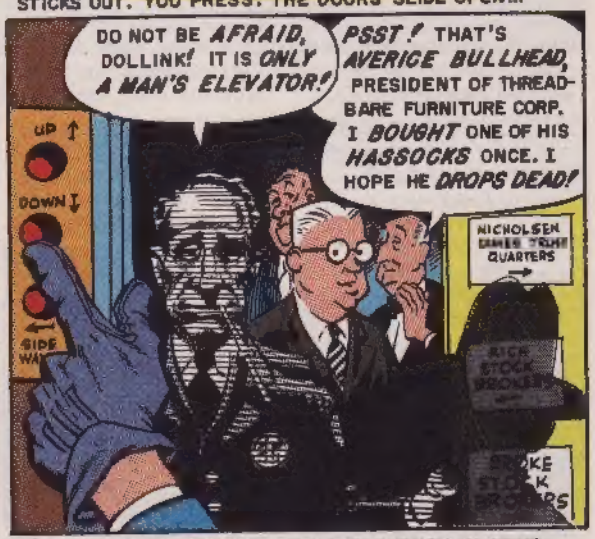
BORROWING AN ***OLD COMIC BOOK TECHNIQUE***, THE ***OPENING SCENE*** OF THIS STIRRING SAGA OF THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY IS A ***CAMERA-EYE VIEW*** OF THE ***NEW YORK OFFICES*** OF ***THREAD-BARE FURNITURE CORPORATION, INC.*** THE THEATER AUDIENCE... THAT'S ***YOU***... SEES IT AS ***AVERICE BULL-HEAD*** SEES IT. ***YOU ARE***, IN FACT, ***AVERICE BULL-HEAD!***...


GOOD AFTERNOON, MR. BULLHEAD! IT'S A PLEASURE, SIR!
GOOD-BYE, MR. BULLHEAD!
WELL, THE BIG CHEESE IS FINALLY LEAVING! HE SHOULD ONLY DROP DEAD!

YOU STEP INSIDE, TURN AROUND... GETTING DIZZY FROM THE QUICK PAN... AND THE ELEVATOR HUMS DOWN TO STREET LEVEL. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN AND YOU ROCK THROUGH THE LOBBY TO A WESTERN UNION OFFICE. YOU SCRIBBLE A TELEGRAM TO THE HOME OFFICE CALLING AN EXECUTIVE MEETING FOR SIX TONIGHT AND HAND IT TO THE GIRL WITH A BILL...

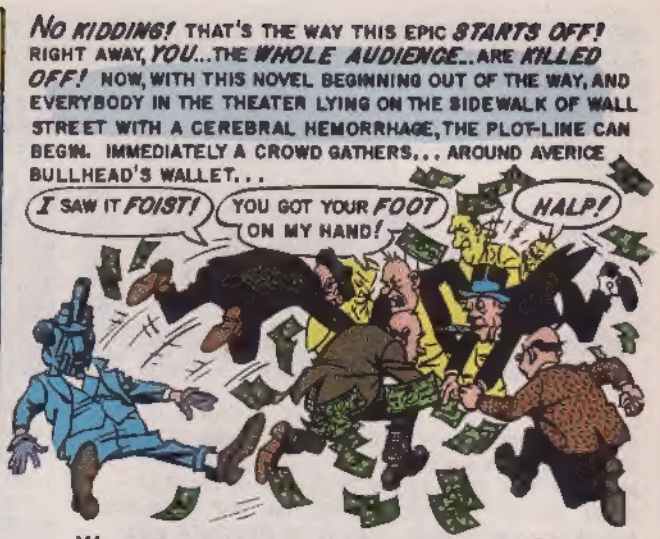
YOU EXPECT ME TO CHANGE THIS FIFTY?! YOU CAN DROP DEAD!
OUR OPERATORS ARE COURTEOUS AND DEPENDABLE. THEY ONLY HATE PEOPLE.
WESTERN UNION
EASTE UNIO

YOUR CAMERA-EYE VIEW NOW BUMPS THROUGH THE BIG GLASS DOORS AND ON OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR OF THIS WALL STREET BUILDING. YOU CAREEN DOWN THE HALL AND VIBRATE UP TO THE PEARL BUTTONS. YOUR HAND STICKS OUT. YOU PRESS. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN...

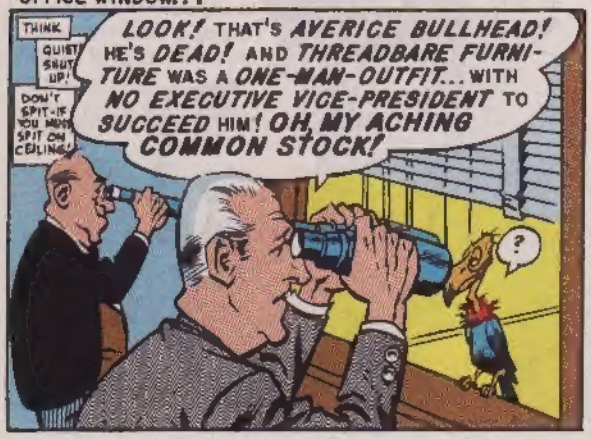

DO NOT BE AFRAID, DOLLINK! IT IS ONLY A MAN'S ELEVATOR!
PSST! THAT'S AVERICE BULLHEAD, PRESIDENT OF THREAD-BARE FURNITURE CORP. I BOUGHT ONE OF HIS HASSOCKS ONCE. I HOPE HE DROPS DEAD!
UP
DOWN
NICHOLSEN TIMES TRUST QUARTERS
RICH STOCK BROKERS

YOU SWITCH TO A FIVE, PUT YOUR CHANGE IN YOUR WALLET, HOLDING IT OUT IN FRONT OF YOU AND STEP OUT INTO THE STREET. YOU PAN UP AND DOWN SEARCHING FOR A TAXI... CALLING FOR IT. THEN YOU SEE THE ONE PARKED AT THE CURB. YOU BLOW YOUR TOP...

WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO, A.B.? AFTER ALL, THIS IS THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT. EVERYBODY IS WISHING IT ON YOU, ANYWAY! SO YOU OBLIGE! YOU DO DROP DEAD!
DEW DROP DEAD INN
DRUNK!


NO KIDDING! THAT'S THE WAY THIS EPIC STARTS OFF! RIGHT AWAY, YOU...THE WHOLE AUDIENCE...ARE KILLED OFF! NOW, WITH THIS NOVEL BEGINNING OUT OF THE WAY, AND EVERYBODY IN THE THEATER LYING ON THE SIDEWALK OF WALL STREET WITH A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE, THE PLOT-LINE CAN BEGIN. IMMEDIATELY A CROWD GATHERS... AROUND AVERICE BULLHEAD'S WALLET...
I SAW IT FOIST!
YOU GOT YOUR FOOT ON MY HAND!
HALP!

AND SO, WITHOUT ANY IDENTIFICATION, HIS BODY IS CARTED OFF TO THE MORGUE... BUT NOT BEFORE WALTER CASUAL CAN SPOT IT FROM HIS WALL STREET OFFICE WINDOW...

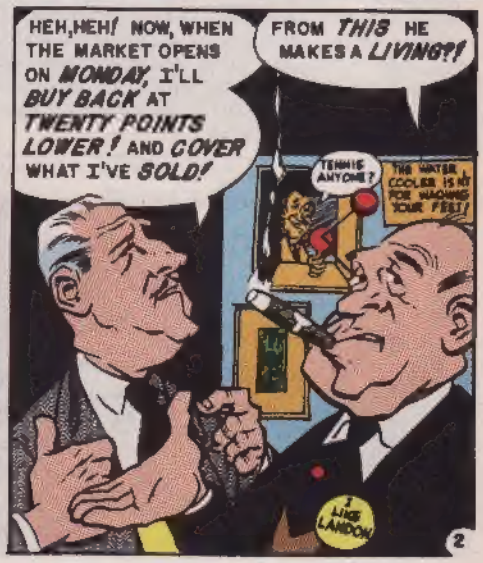

THINK
QUIET! SHUT UP!
DON'T SPIT—IF YOU MUST SPIT ON CEILING!
LOOK! THAT'S AVERICE BULLHEAD! HE'S DEAD! AND THREADBARE FURNITURE WAS A ONE-MAN-OUTFIT... WITH NO EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT TO SUCCEED HIM! OH, MY ACHING COMMON STOCK!

WALTER CASUAL IS NO DOPE. EVEN IF HE IS A DIRECTOR OF THREADBARE... MONEY COMES FIRST...

THAT STOCK WILL DROP TWENTY POINTS WHEN THE STREET LEARNS OF THIS!
BUT THE STREET KNOWS! HE'S LYING ON IT!
A PENNY SAVED IS INFLATION
FOR WATERING STOCK

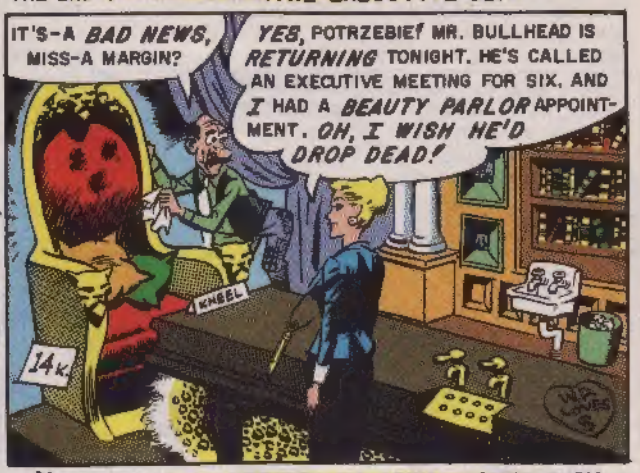
NOT THAT STREET, FOOL! I MEAN THE STOCK MANIPULATORS! I'VE STILL GOT TWENTY MINUTES TILL CLOSING! I KNOW! I'LL SELL SHORT!
BLESS OUR HUMBLE MONOPOLY

BUT YOU'RE SO TALL! HOW CAN YOU SELL SHORT WHEN YOU'RE TALL?
NOT ME! THE STOCK, YOU IDIOT! THREADBARE STOCK! HELLO, WALTER? SELL THREADBARE! SELL ALL YOU CAN!
LIVE STOCK

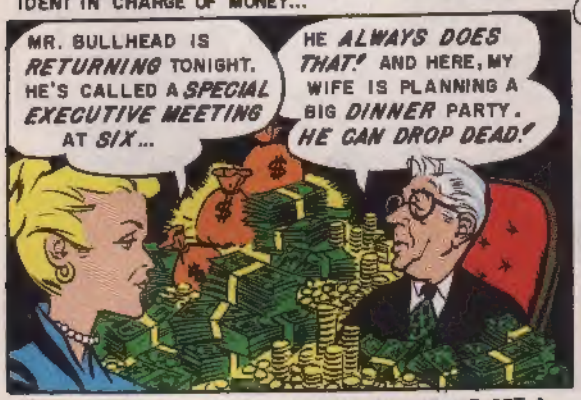

HEH, HEH! NOW, WHEN THE MARKET OPENS ON MONDAY, I'LL BUY BACK AT TWENTY POINTS LOWER! AND COVER WHAT I'VE SOLD!
FROM THIS HE MAKES A LIVING?!
TENNIS ANYONE?
THIS WATER COOLER IS NOT FOR WASHING YOUR FEET!
LIKE LANDON

REMEMBER THE TELEGRAM A.B. SENT BEFORE HE DROPPED DEAD? THE SCENE SHIFTS FAR FROM NEW YORK TO MILLIONAIREBURG, PENNSYLVANIA ... HOME OFFICES OF THE THREADBARE FURNITURE COMPANY! WE SEE A LONG-SHOT OF ITS FAMOUS TOWER...

THE THREADBARE TOWER, WHERE HIGH IN THE UPPERMOST STORIES IS A ROOM ... AND IN THAT ROOM, A TABLE ... AND AT THE END OF THAT TABLE, *THE EXECUTIVE SEAT!*


IT'S-A BAD NEWS, MISS-A MARGIN?
YES, POTRZEBIE! MR. BULLHEAD IS RETURNING TONIGHT. HE'S CALLED AN EXECUTIVE MEETING FOR SIX, AND I HAD A BEAUTY PARLOR APPOINTMENT. OH, I WISH HE'D DROP DEAD!
KNEEL
14K

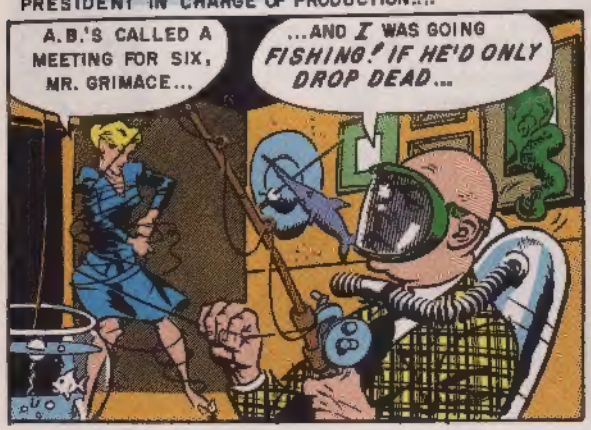
THAT'S EROICA MARGIN, AVERICE BULLHEAD'S PRIVATE SECRETARY. NOW IT'S HER JOB TO GO AROUND AND NOTIFY ALL OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF A.B.'S ORDER. FIRST, SHE WIGGLES INTO WALTER PIDGEONSTOOL'S OFFICE. MR. PIDGEONSTOOL IS VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF MONEY...


MR. BULLHEAD IS RETURNING TONIGHT. HE'S CALLED A SPECIAL EXECUTIVE MEETING AT SIX...
HE ALWAYS DOES THAT! AND HERE, MY WIFE IS PLANNING A BIG DINNER PARTY. HE CAN DROP DEAD!

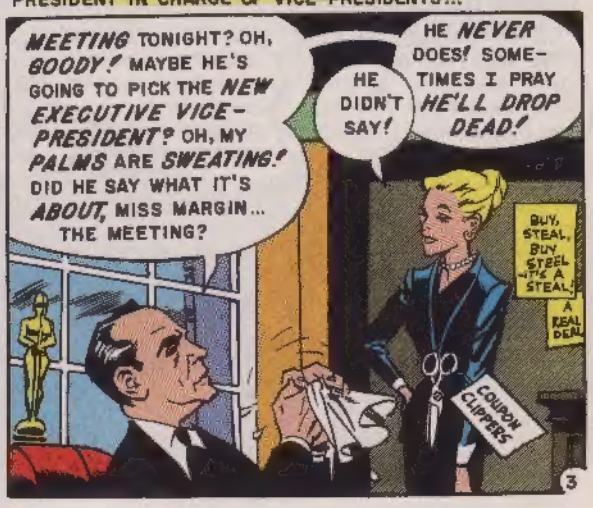
NEXT, EROICA HURRIES INTO BIG, GENIAL WALTER DUD'S OFFICE. MR. DUD IS VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES TALKS ...

LISTEN, HONEY! YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE! SO WHY... CHOKE ... WHY CAN'T YOU KNOCK?
EXECUTIVE MEETING TONIGHT, AT SIX! A.B.'S ORDERS!
TONIGHT!? AND ME AND EVE... OH, NUTS! WHY DOESN'T HE DROP DEAD?

GET THE DRAMATIC PICTURE? ONE BY ONE, WE GET A LOOK AT EACH OF THREADBARE'S V.P.'S ... ALL PROSPECTIVE PRESIDENTS. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO *GUESS* WHO IT'LL BE! HOW ABOUT WALTER GRIMACE, HERE ... VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION ...?



HOW ABOUT THIS GUY ... WALTER P. SHAWHEAD? HE'S VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF VICE-PRESIDENTS ...


MEETING TONIGHT? OH, GOODY! MAYBE HE'S GOING TO PICK THE NEW EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT? OH, MY PALMS ARE SWEATING! DID HE SAY WHAT IT'S ABOUT, MISS MARGIN... THE MEETING?
HE DIDN'T SAY!
HE NEVER DOES! SOMETIMES I PRAY HE'LL DROP DEAD!
BUY, STEAL, BUY STEEL - IT'S A STEAL!
A REAL DEAL
COUPON CLIPPERS

YOU'VE JUST ABOUT DECIDED THAT WALTER PIDGEON-STOOL'S GOT THE PRESIDENCY WHEN THE PHONE RINGS IN THE PIKER STREET PLANT AND WALTER HOLDENOUT IS SEEN IN A GRIMY LAB COAT, RUBBING ELBOWS WITH THE HELP. HE'S VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF RUBBING ELBOWS...

IF THIS *NEW* EXPERIMENT WORKS, WE'LL BE able TO MAKE *FURNITURE* OUT OF *OLD OVERCOATS!*

IT'S THE *TOWER*, MR. HOLDENOUT... THERE'S AN EXECUTIVE MEETING AT SIX!

THAT'S NICE, WALTER!

THERE'S OUR BOY! *ANY* IDIOT CAN TELL *THAT!* HE'S THE *DREAMER*...THE *EXPERIMENTER*...HE *WORKS WITH THE WORKERS*—HE'S *ONE* OF THEM! NOW, IT'S A *CINCH* WHO'S GOING TO GET AVERICE BULLHEAD'S JOB ONCE THEY LEARN HE'S DEAD. OH, THERE'S ONE MORE PERSON TO MEET. BARBARA THREADBARE. SHE'S WAITING IN AVERICE BULLHEADS OFFICE... OR RATHER OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE...ON THE WINDOWSILL...

BARBARA, WILL YOU *CAN THE DRAMATICS* AND *COME BACK IN HERE!*

I'M GOING TO *JUMP!* I *SWEAR* IT! HE *HATES* ME. EVER SINCE HE TOOK OVER THE PRESIDENCY WHEN MY *FATHER* JUMPED OFF THIS TOWER, HE'S *IGNORED* ME. *AVERICE BULLHEAD CAN DROP DEAD!*

IT'S SIX O'CLOCK. THE FIVE VICE PRESIDENTS FILE INTO THE BOARD ROOM AND SQUAT AROUND THE BIG, LONG, SHINY TABLE. AT THE *HEAD* OF THE TABLE IS THE *PRESIDENT'S CHAIR...TALL...LEATHER...COMFORTABLE LOOKING... IMPOSING. NOW*, WE *KNOW* WHY THEY ALL WISH AVERICE BULLHEAD WOULD *DROP DEAD! NOW*, WE *SEE* WHY THEY ALL WANT THAT *EXECUTIVE SEAT!* THE *REST* OF THEM HAVE TO SIT ON *ORANGE CRATES*...

WHAT'S THIS MEETING ALL *ABOUT*, WALTER?

BORED MEETING

PEASANTS

I DON'T *KNOW!* WHAT *TIME* IS IT, WALTER?

SIX-TEN! A.B. IS *LATE*, HUH, WALTER?

YEAH! HE'S NEVER *THIS* LATE, *IS* HE, WALTER?

MR. SHAWHEAD TO YOU! I *HATE* FIRST NAMES! OH, MY *PALMS* ARE SWEATING!

SUNKIST

ORANGES

FIVE VICE PRESIDENTS NAMED WALTER. WHO WILL IT BE? WHO WILL GET TO WARM THE *EXECUTIVE SEAT? WE KNOW, DON'T* WE? *DOWN DEEP*, WE KNOW. IT'S SO *OBVIOUS*...

THE MEETING IS OFF! MR. BULLHEAD WASN'T *ON* THE PLANE. HE HASN'T EVEN *CHECKED OUT* OF HIS *HOTEL* IN N.Y

WELL, I'M GOING *FISHING!*

AND I'M GOING TO MY WIFE'S *DINNER PARTY.*

AND *ME* AND *EVE*...

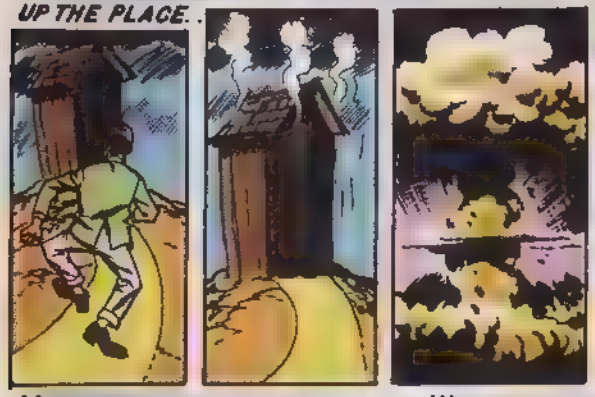
AND MY *PALMS* ARE *SWEATING!*

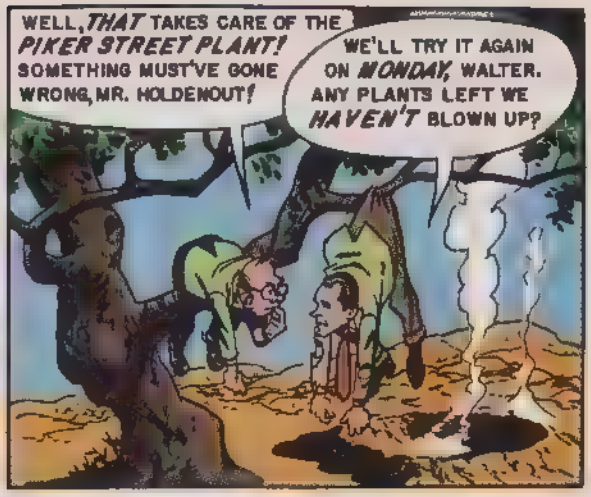
AND *I'M* GOING BACK TO MY INTERRUPTED *EXPERIMENT!*

AND *I'M* GOING TO *JUMP* OFF *THE TOWER!*

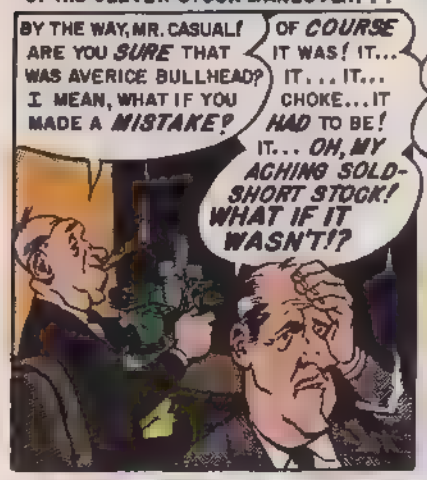
OH, *CAN THE DRAMATICS, BARBARA!*

THERE'S CORPORATION PRESIDENT MATERIAL. IT SURE IS OBVIOUS! WHILE EVERYBODY ELSE IS INTERESTED IN NONSENSE, WALTER HOLDENOUT GOES BACK TO THE LAB...TO DREAM...AND EXPERIMENT...AND BLOW UP THE PLACE..

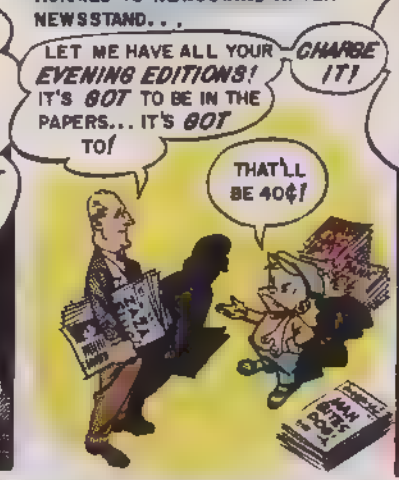



WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THE PIKER STREET PLANT! SOMETHING MUST'VE GONE WRONG, MR. HOLDENOUT!
WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN ON MONDAY, WALTER. ANY PLANTS LEFT WE HAVEN'T BLOWN UP?

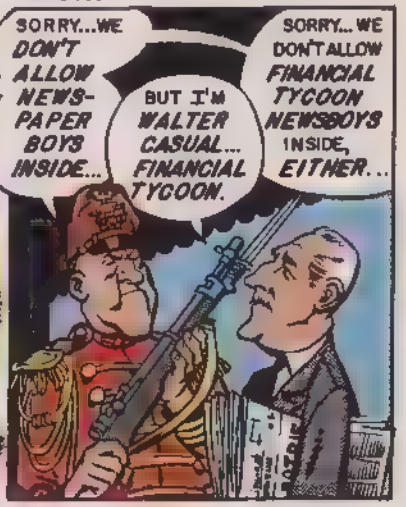
MEANWHILE, BACK IN N.Y., WALTER CASUAL IS LEAVING HIS OFFICE, PROUD OF HIS CLEVER STOCK MANEUVER...

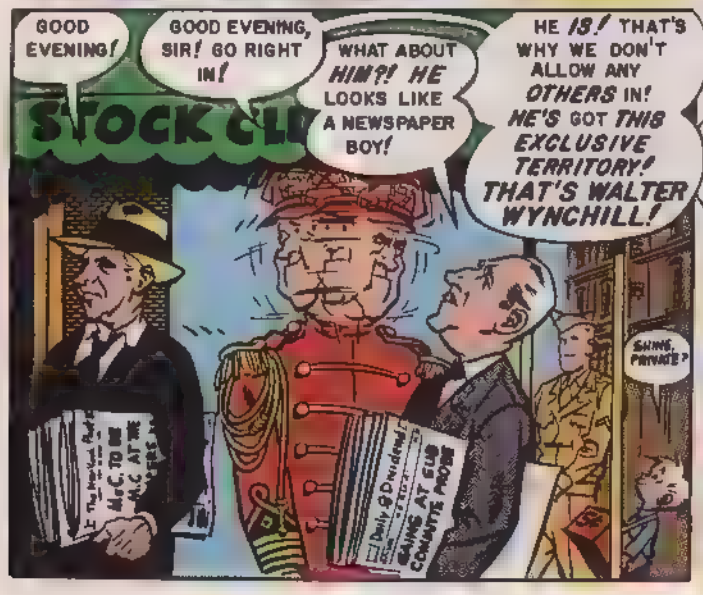

BY THE WAY, MR. CASUAL! ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS AVERICE BULLHEAD? I MEAN, WHAT IF YOU MADE A MISTAKE?
OF COURSE IT WAS! IT... IT... IT... IT... CHOKE... IT HAD TO BE! IT... OH, MY ACHING SOLD-SHORT STOCK! WHAT IF IT WASN'T!?

WITH THIS DOUBT INSTILLED IN HIS MERCENARY MIND, CASUAL HURRIES TO NEWSSTAND AFTER NEWSSTAND...

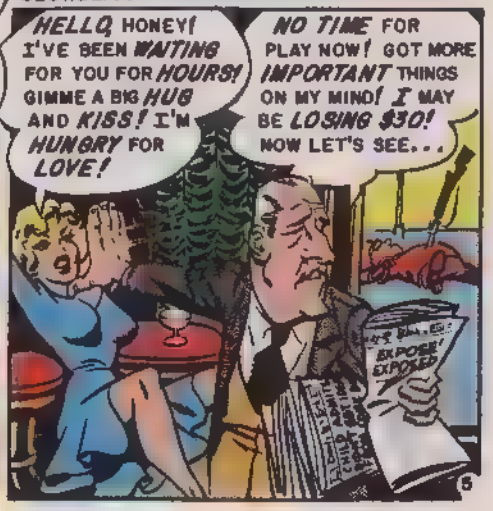


THEN HE HURRIES TO THE STOCK CLUB...

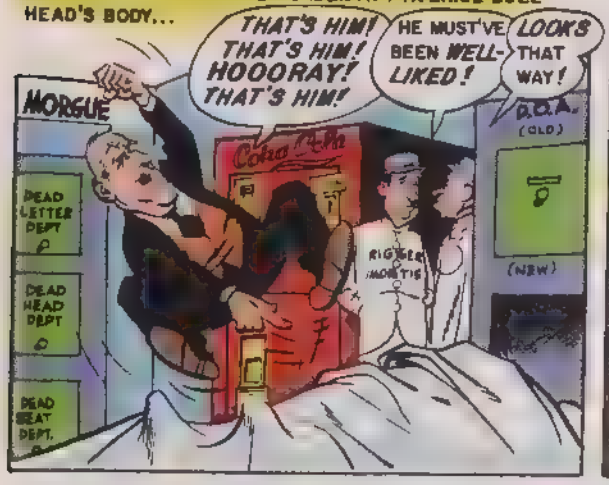

SORRY...WE DON'T ALLOW NEWS-PAPER BOYS INSIDE...
BUT I'M WALTER CASUAL... FINANCIAL TYCOON.
SORRY...WE DON'T ALLOW FINANCIAL TYCOON NEWSBOYS INSIDE, EITHER...


GOOD EVENING!
GOOD EVENING, SIR! GO RIGHT IN!
WHAT ABOUT HIM?! HE LOOKS LIKE A NEWSPAPER BOY!
HE IS! THAT'S WHY WE DON'T ALLOW ANY OTHERS IN! HE'S GOT THIS EXCLUSIVE TERRITORY! THAT'S WALTER WYNCHILL!
SHINE, PRIVATE?

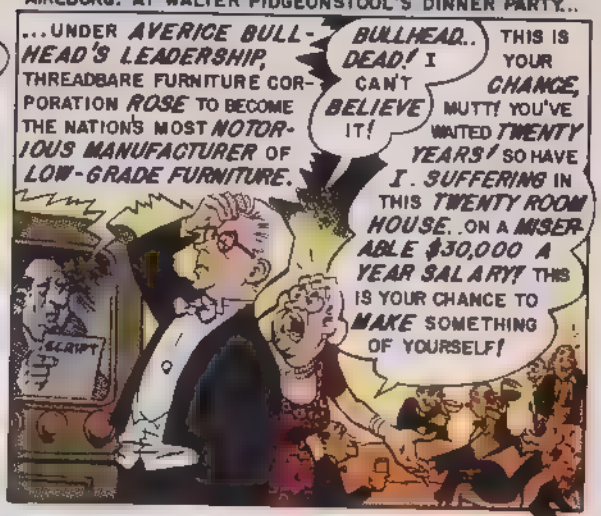
INSIDE THE STOCK CLUB, MR. CASUAL IS GREETED BY A GORGEOUS, SHAPELY, LUSCIOUS BLONDE...


HELLO, HONEY! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR HOURS! GIMME A BIG HUG AND KISS! I'M HUNGRY FOR LOVE!
NO TIME FOR PLAY NOW! GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON MY MIND! I MAY BE LOSING $30! NOW LET'S SEE...

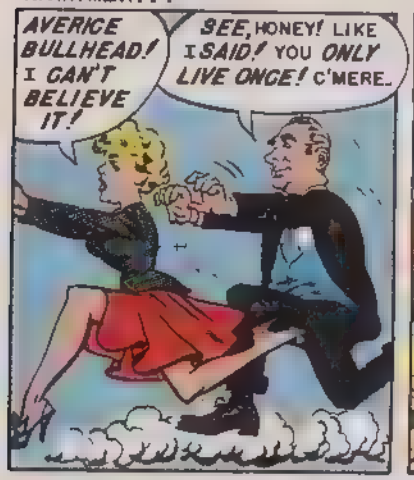
FINDING A SMALL ITEM ABOUT AN UNKNOWN MAN DROPPING DEAD ON WALL STREET, WALTER CASUAL RUSHES TO THE MORGUE TO IDENTIFY AVERICE BULLHEAD'S BODY...



AND THE SAD NEWS IS FINALLY FLASHED TO MILLIONAIREBURG. AT WALTER PIDGEONSTOOL'S DINNER PARTY...


...UNDER AVERICE BULLHEAD'S LEADERSHIP, THREADBARE FURNITURE CORPORATION ROSE TO BECOME THE NATION'S MOST NOTORIOUS MANUFACTURER OF LOW-GRADE FURNITURE.
BULLHEAD.. DEAD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, MUTT! YOU'VE WAITED TWENTY YEARS! SO HAVE I. SUFFERING IN THIS TWENTY ROOM HOUSE..ON A MISERABLE $30,000 A YEAR SALARY! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE TO MAKE SOMETHING OF YOURSELF!
SCRIPT

AT WALTER DUD'S SECRETARY'S APARTMENT...



AT WALTER GRIMACE'S MOUNTAIN LODGE...

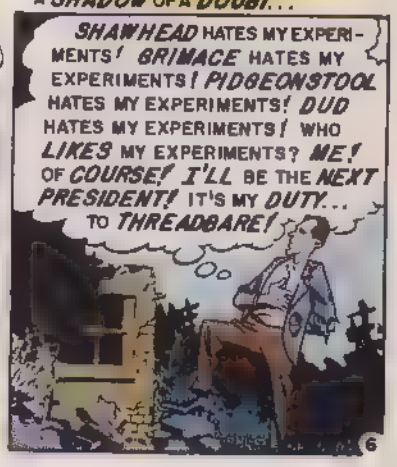
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO TOWN! THEY'VE CALLED A DIRECTOR'S MEETING TO ELECT A NEW PRESIDENT!
HE WOULD HAVE TO GO AND DROP DEAD AND RUIN MY FISHING TRIP!

AT WALTER P. SHAWHEAD'S...

AT BARBARA THREADBARE'S...

NOTICE THE SELFISH REACTIONS? NOTICE THE HIDDEN GLEE? NOT SO WITH OUR BOY! HE'S NOT THINKING OF HIMSELF! HE'S THINKING...

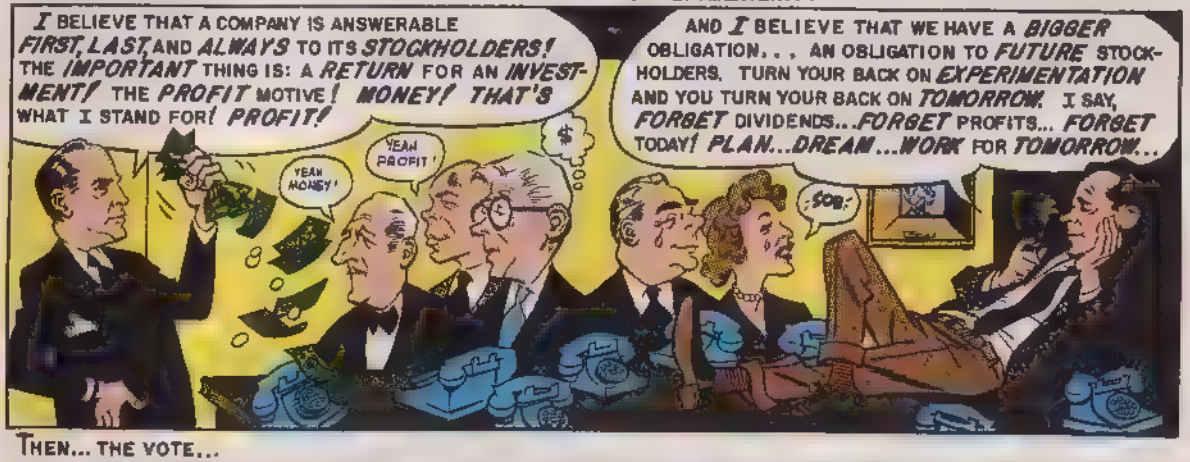
CAN'T YOU SEE IT? THIS IS PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER...BEYOND A SHADOW OF A DOUBT...


SHAWHEAD HATES MY EXPERIMENTS! GRIMACE HATES MY EXPERIMENTS! PIDGEONSTOOL HATES MY EXPERIMENTS! DUD HATES MY EXPERIMENTS! WHO LIKES MY EXPERIMENTS? ME! OF COURSE! I'LL BE THE NEXT PRESIDENT! IT'S MY DUTY... TO THREADBARE!

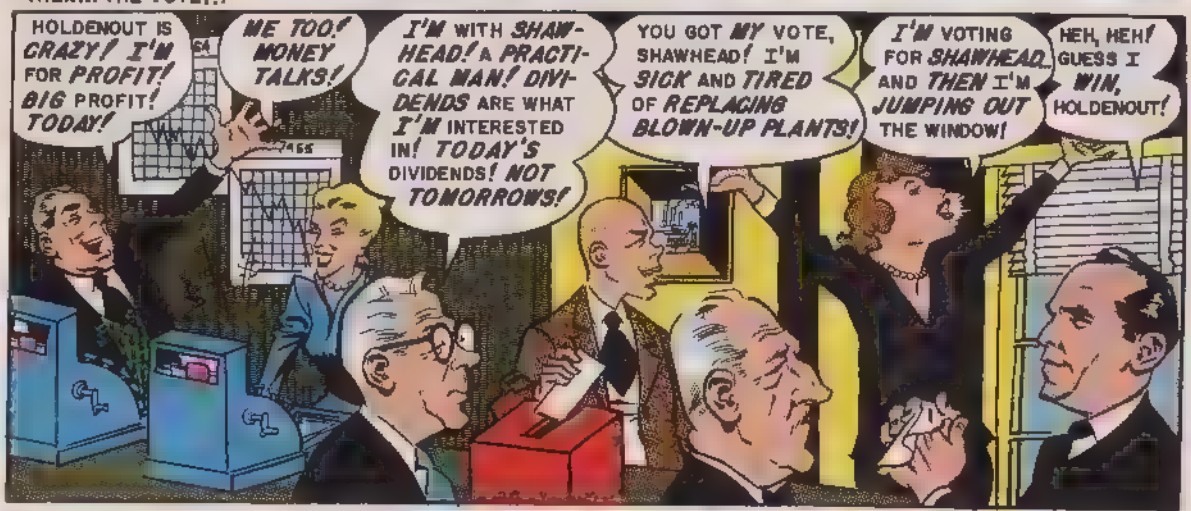
AND SO THE TENSE CLIMAX OF THE PICTURE IS REACHED...THE MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS TO ELECT A NEW PRESIDENT.

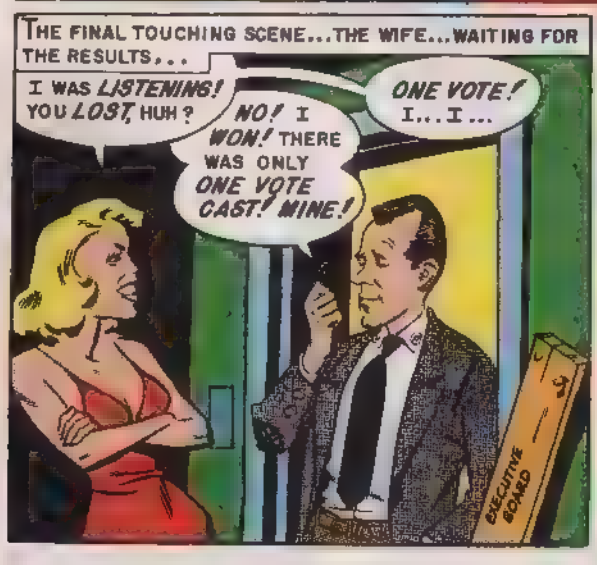
THE CANDIDATES: WALTER P. SHAWHEAD...AMBITIOUS, SELFISH, MERCINARY...

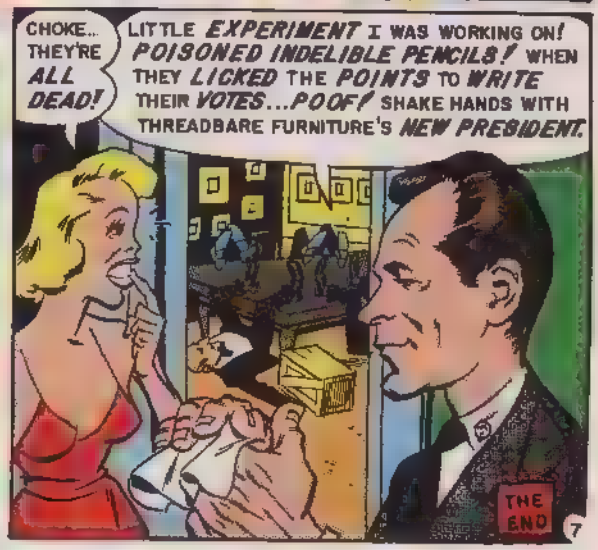
...AND WALTER HOLDENOUT...THE DREAMER...THE EXPERIMENTER...


I BELIEVE THAT A COMPANY IS ANSWERABLE FIRST, LAST, AND ALWAYS TO ITS STOCKHOLDERS! THE IMPORTANT THING IS: A RETURN FOR AN INVESTMENT! THE PROFIT MOTIVE! MONEY! THAT'S WHAT I STAND FOR! PROFIT!
YEAH MONEY!
YEAH PROFIT!
AND I BELIEVE THAT WE HAVE A BIGGER OBLIGATION... AN OBLIGATION TO FUTURE STOCKHOLDERS. TURN YOUR BACK ON EXPERIMENTATION AND YOU TURN YOUR BACK ON TOMORROW. I SAY, FORGET DIVIDENDS...FORGET PROFITS... FORGET TODAY! PLAN...DREAM...WORK FOR TOMORROW...
SOB!

THEN... THE VOTE...


HOLDENOUT IS CRAZY! I'M FOR PROFIT! BIG PROFIT! TODAY!
ME TOO! MONEY TALKS!
I'M WITH SHAWHEAD! A PRACTICAL MAN! DIVIDENDS ARE WHAT I'M INTERESTED IN! TODAY'S DIVIDENDS! NOT TOMORROWS!
YOU GOT MY VOTE, SHAWHEAD! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF REPLACING BLOWN-UP PLANTS!
I'M VOTING FOR SHAWHEAD AND THEN I'M JUMPING OUT THE WINDOW!
HEH, HEH! GUESS I WIN, HOLDENOUT!


THE FINAL TOUCHING SCENE...THE WIFE...WAITING FOR THE RESULTS...
I WAS LISTENING! YOU LOST, HUH?
NO! I WON! THERE WAS ONLY ONE VOTE CAST! MINE!
ONE VOTE! I...I...
EXECUTIVE BOARD


CHOKE... THEY'RE ALL DEAD!
LITTLE EXPERIMENT I WAS WORKING ON! POISONED INDELIBLE PENCILS! WHEN THEY LICKED THE POINTS TO WRITE THEIR VOTES...POOF! SHAKE HANDS WITH THREADBARE FURNITURE'S NEW PRESIDENT.
THE END

THIS ORIGINAL EC HOUSE AD ANNOUNCED THE CREATION OF PIRACY
SEE OUR AD ON PAGE 32 TO SUBSCRIBE TO OUR REPRINT

E.C. WENT TO SEA

IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...

AND WE CAME UP WITH...

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

NOW YOU SEARCH FOR IT!

BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY* AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF CENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LANDLUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEASICK EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, BILGE RATS! YOU SHANGHAIED ME! I ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZONE NO. _____

ORIGINAL 1953 AD. DO NOT RESPOND!

COMIC STRIP ADVERTISING DEPT. (TELL 'EM A STORY WITH PICTURES AND THEY'LL BUY, BUY, BUY! DIVISION): YOU'RE PROBABLY ALL FAMILIAR WITH *THIS* GIMMICK IN THE *UNCEASING CAMPAIGN* TO WRENCH YOUR *HARD-EARNED DOLLAR* FROM YOUR *SICK POCKETBOOK*. THE *BIG ADVERTISING AGENCIES* HAVE BEEN SELLING THEIR WARES VIA THE *COLOR COMICS SECTIONS* OF YOUR *SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS*. THEY *MAKE* THEIR *PITCH* AFTER *FIRST* BREAKING DOWN YOUR *RESISTANCE* WITH AN *ILLUSTRATED STORY* MUCH ALONG THE LINES OF THE *FOLLOWING ILL-CHOSEN EXAMPLES*:

Petey Pain almost ruins Melvin's night out with the boys!

HEH, HEH!

CRUNCH

OUCH! OH, THAT *NAGGING BACKACHE!*

IT'S WEDNESDAY NIGHT, AND MELVIN'S WIFE KNOWS WHAT THAT MEANS... BOWLING WITH THE BOYS...

DON'T WAIT UP, HON! TOURNAMENT TONIGHT!

I HOPE YOU *DROP* THE *BALL* ON YOUR *TOE!*

HEH, HEH! *DON'T* WORRY, MILDRED. I GOT A *BETTER* PLAN!

BUT AS MELVIN SWINGS OPEN THE HEAVY FRONT DOOR, PETEY-PAIN STRIKES...

OOOOOWW!

MY *WISH* CAME *TRUE?*

HEH, HEH!

CRACK

NO! IT'S THIS *NAGGING BACKACHE!* NOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO *PLAY* AND OUR TEAM WILL HAVE TO *FORFEIT* AND WE WON'T WIN THE *SWEATSHIRTS!*

SIT DOWN, MUSCLE-BOUND, AND TAKE OFF YOUR SHIRT. I KNOW *JUST THE THING* TO *RELIEVE* THAT NAGGING BACKACHE. *BEN-GOO!* IT'S IN THE MEDICINE CABINET! I *ALWAYS* KEEP A *LARGE ECONOMY TUBE* ON HAND FOR JUST SUCH AN *EMERGENCY!*

YIPE!

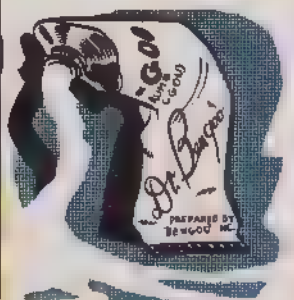
NOW COMES THE COMMERCIAL:

WHEN *PETEY-PAIN STRIKES,* RUB IN *BEN-GOO.* IT *RELIEVES* THAT *NAGGING BACKACHE!*

IF I RUB IT IN ON *YOU,* WILL IT RELIEVE ME OF A *NAGGING WIFE?*

I'M *DONE FOR!*

...A PICTURE OF THE PRODUCT.



Ben-Goo

FAST RELIEF FROM ACHES AND PAINS!

...AND THE HAPPY WIND-UP...

THAT FINAL *SPLIT* GIVES US THE *GAME,* MELVIN. SO *BEN-GOO* SAVED THE *NIGHT* FOR US BY *CURING* YOUR *BACKACHE,* EH?

NAW! MILDRED FOUND A *PITCH-FORK* IN MY BACK!

Joe Orlando

NO MORE INSULTS FOR HERMAN
SAYS Charles Fatless
HEY! STOP KICKING THAT SAND IN OUR FACES, FENWICK!
SPLAT
GULP.
LISTEN, SKINNY! I'D SMASH YOUR FACE IN ONLY I'M AFRAID YOU MIGHT DRY UP AND BLOW AWAY!
THE BIG BULLY! I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM... SOB... SOME-DAY, MARY!
OH, DON'T LET IT BOTHER YOU, LITTLE BOY! WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME TO MAMA, YOU BAG OF BONES!
DARN IT! I'M SICK AND TIRED OF BEING INSULTED ALL THE TIME BECAUSE I'M A SCARECROW! CHARLES FATLESS SAYS HE CAN GIVE ME A REAL HE-MAN'S BODY! I'LL GAMBLE A 3¢ STAMP!
LOOK AT THE CHANGE IN HERMAN AFTER HE STARTED MY BODY-BUILDING BACK-BREAKING COURSE. ONLY 15 SECONDS A DAY FOR SEVEN YEARS...
THIS IS A SOUPED-UP DRAWING OF CHARLES FATLESS, WHO HOLDS NO TITLE AT ALL!
BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE FATLESS LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT MUSCLES! NOBODY INSULTS ME ANYMORE! NO SIR! I'M GOING DOWN TO THE BEACH!
THERE'S MARY! WILL SHE BE SURPRISED! AND THERE'S THAT BULLY, FENWICK...
MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO INSULT ME NO MORE, BABE...
GNNGG!
C'MON, FENWICK! LE'S GO LIFT WEIGHTS!
CRAZY! HEY, DIG THIS TRICEP, HERMAN!
2

A NIGHT of HORROR on an Overnight Fishing Trip!

WAKE UP! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THOSE BUSHES, IRVING... SOMETHING GROWLING AND SNARLING...

WAIT'LL I GET MY FLASH WITH THOSE DEPENDABLE "NEVER-EADY" BATTERIES, SMED. THE LIGHT'LL SCARE IT OFF!

A TRUE EXPERIENCE OF IRVING McGOON OF MUDVILLE, MONTANA.

ME AND MY NEIGHBOR, SMEDLEY HOSSENFEFER, HAD DRIVEN UP TO WAKATAKAWAWA LAKE ON AN OVERNIGHT FISHING TRIP. WE'D FISHED ALL DAY...

CATCH ANYTHIN', IRV?

A COLD... THA'S 'BOUT ALL... SNIFF!

THAT NIGHT WE'D BEDDED DOWN IN OUR SLEEPING BAGS, INTENDING TO KNOCK 'EM DEAD THE NEXT MORNING...

THINK WE OUGHT TO LIGHT A FIRE TO KEEP AWAY THE WILD ANIMALS, IRV?

HAW! WHAT WILD ANIMALS!? THE ONLY WILD ANIMALS IS BACK HOME... AND THA'S WHY WE CAME FISHIN'... T' GET AWAY FROM OUR WIVES.

LATE THAT NIGHT, SMED AND ME WAS AWAKENED BY BLOOD-CURDLING SNARLS AND GROWLS AND THRASHING COMING FROM THE BUSHES NEAR WHERE WE WAS SLEEPIN'...

IRV! WAKE UP! IRV! THERE'S SOME KIND OF AWFUL, TERRIBLE WILD ANIMAL OUT THERE! I'M SCARED, IRV!

DON'T BE SCARED, SMED! I GOT MY FLASHLIGHT WITH THOSE DEPENDABLE "NEVER-EADY" BATTERIES IN MY TACKLE BOX!

I FLASHED MY LIGHT INTO THE BUSHES AND THE SNARLING AND GROWLING STOPPED AND WE SAW SOMETHING TAKE OFF...

WHEW! HAD ME WORRIED FOR A MINUTE!

I'M NEVER WORRIED WHEN I GOT MY LONG-LASTING, EIGHT AND ONE HALF LIVES, "NEVER-EADY" BATTERIED FLASHLIGHT ALONG, SMED!

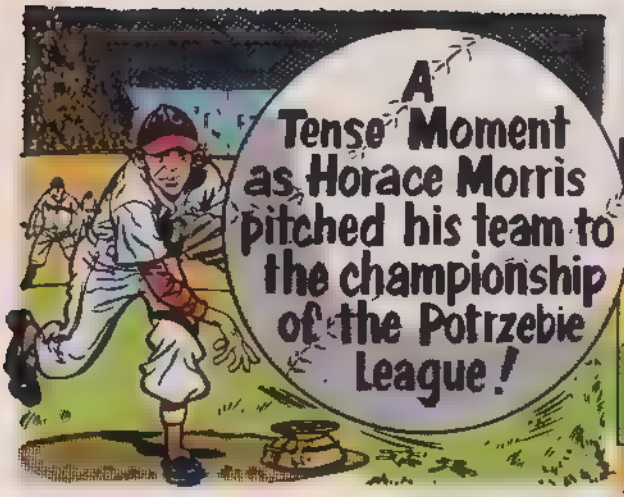
NEW IMPROVED "NEVEREADY" The Battery with "8½ LIVES"

GUARANTEED: YOUR FLASHLIGHT AND BATTERIES REPLACED FREE IF DAMAGED WHEN YOU ARE ATTACKED AND KILLED BY WILD ANIMALS WHILE CAMPING OUT!

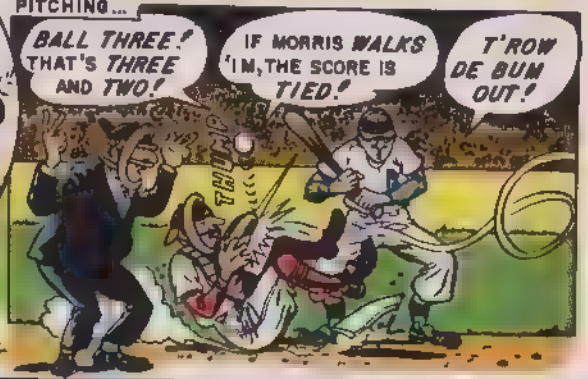
THAT'S A THRILLING STORY, IRV.. SAVED YOUR LIVES FROM THAT SNARLING, GROWLING, WILD ANIMAL THAT CAME UPON YOUR CAMP, EH?

NAW! IT WAS JUST A COUPLE OF KIDS ON A DATE... SMOOCHIN' IN THE BUSHES!

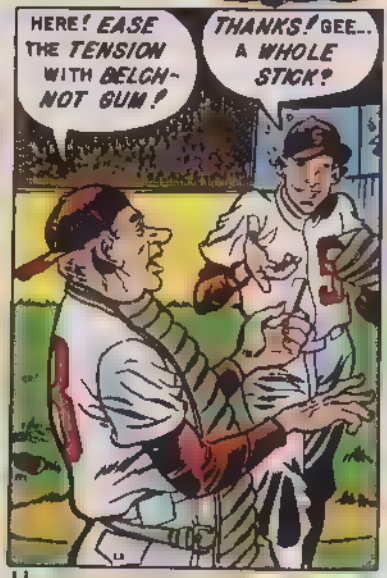
DON'T BOTHER WRITING YOUR TRUE EXPERIENCE WITH NEVEREADY BATTERIES. WE FAKE 'EM ANYWAY.



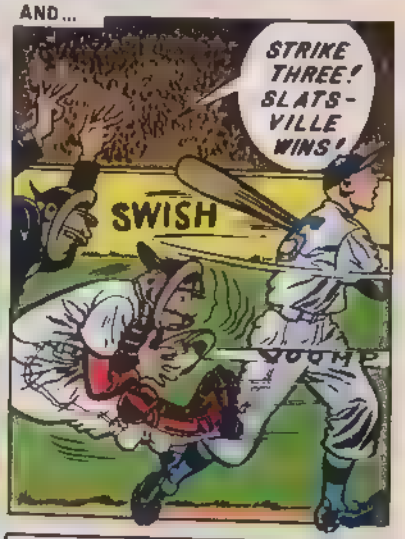
OCT. 1, 1953 — THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON. SLATSVILLE MUST BEAT BUGBERG TODAY TO WIN THE PENNANT. SLATSVILLE LEADS BY ONE. BUGBERG UP IN LAST OF THE 9TH. BASES LOADED... TWO OUT ...HORACE MORRIS PITCHING...



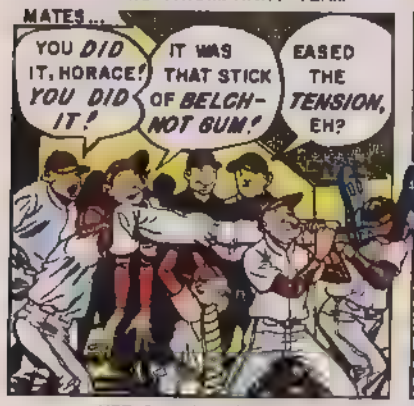
THE CATCHER WALKS OUT TO MORRIS...



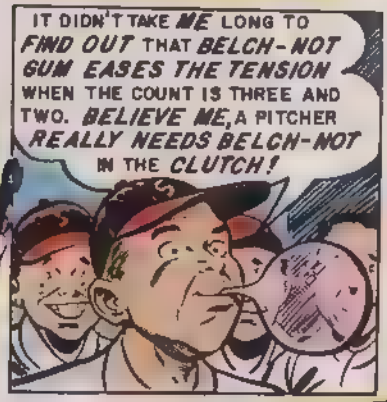
MORRIS WINDS UP... THE PITCH... AND...

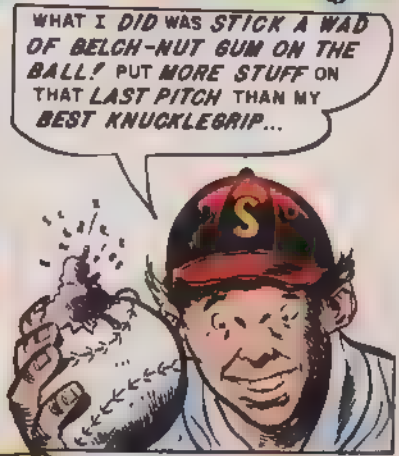


HORACE IS CARRIED OFF THE FIELD BY HIS TRIUMPHANT TEAMMATES...

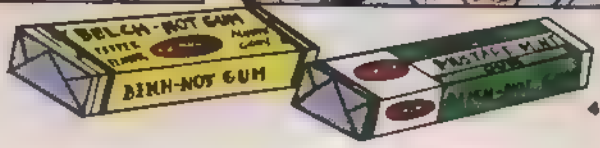


HORACE MORRIS, ACE SLATSVILLE PITCHER, SAYS:

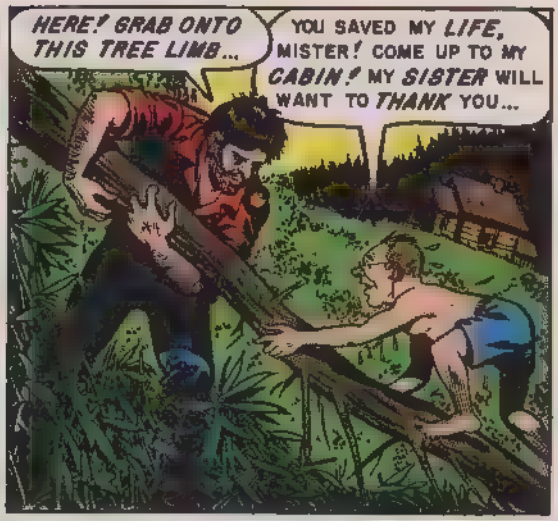

IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND OUT THAT BELCH-NOT GUM EASES THE TENSION WHEN THE COUNT IS THREE AND TWO. BELIEVE ME, A PITCHER REALLY NEEDS BELCH-NOT IN THE CLUTCH!

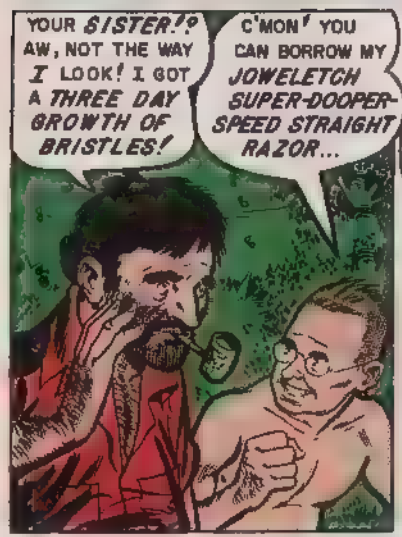


USE A WELL-CHEWED WAD AND
Ease the tension with
BELCH-NOT GUM
SAYS Horace Monis FAMOUS PITCHING STAR



A JOWELETCH SUPER-DOOPER SPEED RAZOR SAVES THE DAY FOR BRISTLY BENNY




YOUR SISTER!? AW, NOT THE WAY I LOOK! I GOT A THREE DAY GROWTH OF BRISTLES!
C'MON! YOU CAN BORROW MY JOWELETCH SUPER-DOOPER-SPEED STRAIGHT RAZOR...

...SEE! CLICK...IT OPENS! NO MESSING AROUND WITH TWISTING AND TWISTING AND TWISTING HANDLES AND PUSHING AND PUSHING AND PUSHING RAZOR BLADES!
GEE! AN OLD FASHIONED STRAIGHT RAZOR! WHAT'LL THEY THINK OF NEXT!

TRY A JOWELETCH SUPER-DOOPER-SPEED STRAIGHT RAZOR!

NO MORE NICKING AND SCRAPING OF SKIN. THIS BABY PEELS IT RIGHT OFF!

COMES IN A HANDY GAUZE-BANDAGE CASE WITH TEN-DAY SUPPLY OF IODINE! ONLY $12.00!

Stomach Upset Strikes at Midnight!

NOW HE'S DANCING WITH THAT *VIXEN*. I'LL *LOSE* HIM FOR *SURE* IF I DON'T GET OVER THIS *UPSET STOMACH!*

A ROMANTIC MASQUERADE PARTY... A SOFT-SPOKEN, DREAMY MYSTERY-MAN... AND BIANCA IS LOSING OUT BECAUSE OF A STOMACH UPSET...

WHAT'S *WRONG*, BIANCA? YOU LOOK *UNHAPPY!*

I AM! I MET THE MAN OF MY *DREAMS* AND IT'S *ALMOST MIDNIGHT* AND HE'S *NOT INTERESTED* BECAUSE *I GOT AN UPSET STOMACH!*

I'VE *TRIED SODAS* AND *ALKALIZERS* AND *PILLS* AND *EVERYTHING*, VELVA!

LISTEN, HONEY! HOSPITAL TESTS *PROVE* THAT PEPSO-*ABYSMAL* WORKS WHERE *SODAS* AND *ALKILIZERS FAIL*. SUCH "REMEDIES" MAY ACTUALLY *RETARD DIGESTION* IN THE *STOMACH* AND THEY *FAIL ENTIRELY* IN THE *INTESTINES* WHERE... *GAS FORMATIONS* AND *UNASSIMILATED*... FOODS...CHOKE...

'S'MATTER, VELVA?

GAG... I GET *SICK* JUST *TALKING* ABOUT IT! HERE! TAKE THIS BOTTLE AND FEEL *GOOOOOOOD* AGAIN...

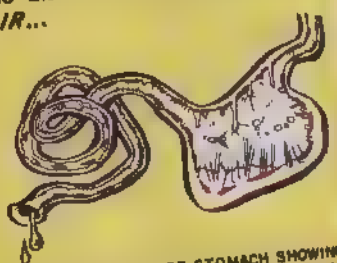
So BIANCA TOOK *PEPSO-ABYSMAL* AND...

WHERE HAVE *YOU* BEEN ALL EVENING, BEAUTIFUL. I CAN'T *WAIT* TILL *MIDNIGHT* SO WE CAN *UNMASK*...

LUCKY FOR ME I FOUND OUT ABOUT PEPSO-ABYSMAL!

HOSPITAL TESTED

PEPSO-ABYSMAL'S SPECIAL MEDICINAL FORMULA INCLUDES LANOLIN WHICH SOOTHES *BOTH* THE IRRITATED STOMACH *AND* INTESTINAL WALLS WITH A GENTLE COATING ACTION... ALSO ENCOURAGES THE GROWTH OF *HAIR*...



CUT-AWAY DRAWING OF STOMACH SHOWING HOW PEPSO-ABYSMAL WORKS. NOTICE HAIR BEGINNING TO GROW... A TICKLISH PROPOSITION.

...AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT...

BONG

BONG

...BIANCA RUSHED BY VELVA...

WHAT'S *WRONG* HONEY? *SICK* AGAIN?

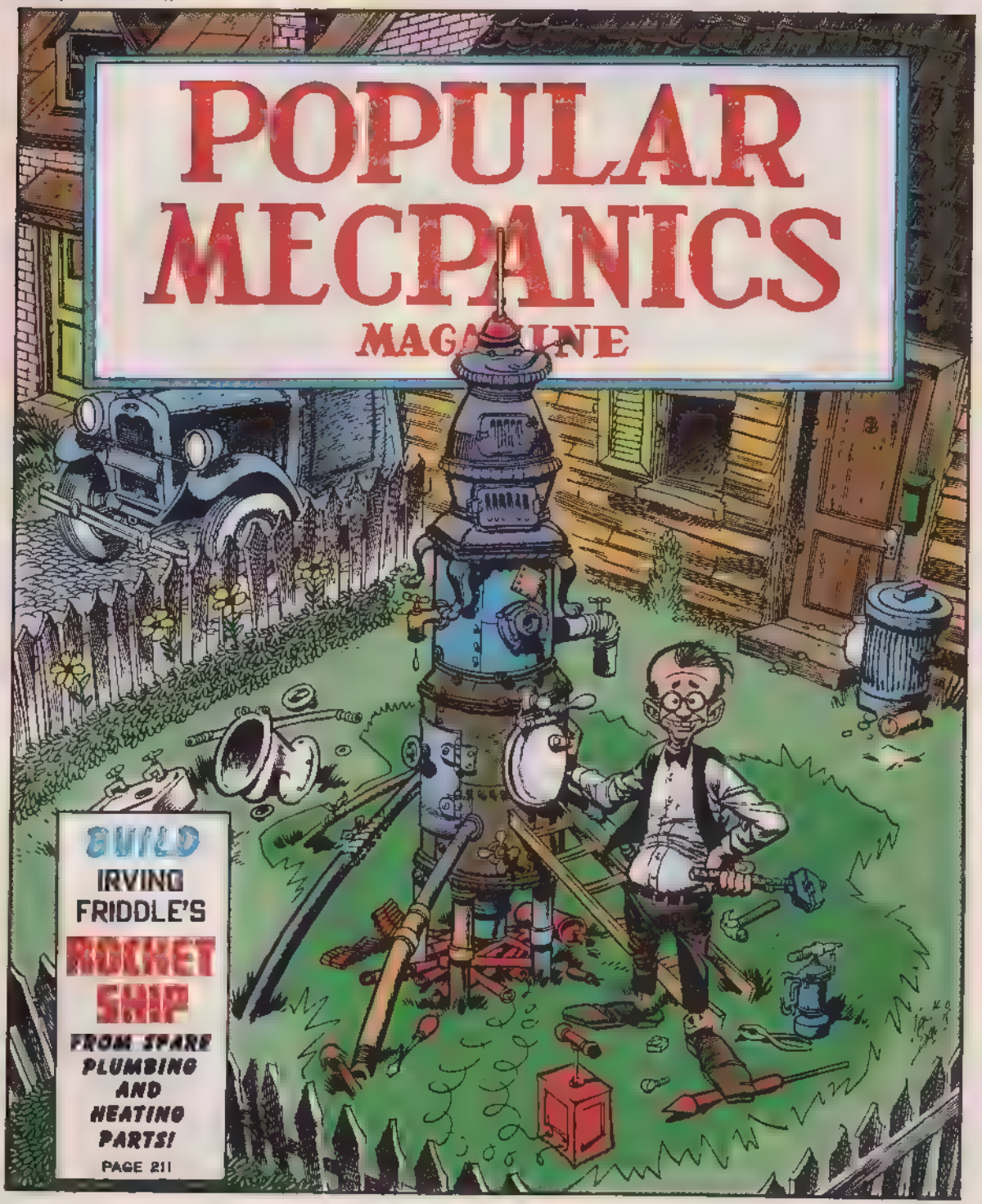
I'LL SAY! *DREAMBOAT* JUST *UNMASKED!* NOW, I GOT A *REAL UPSET STOMACH!*

BIANCA... COME BACK...

In the recent past, there have been millions of words and thousands of pictures published in various magazines, newspapers, and publicity releases throughout the country lauding the natural talents of a famous and glamorous blonde Hollywood movie star. Panic magazine now presents its own comment on said glamour-lovely, which, we feel, aptly sums up the secret of her fabulous success:

MARYLIN MONROE IS A GIRL FORTUNATELY ENDOWED WITH THE KIND OF FIGURE A MEN ADMIRE BY LOOKING AT IT LIKE THIS

MAGAZINES FOR THE MECHANICAL-MINDED DEPT. (295 PAGES OF ADS AND 5 PAGES OF SCIENCE NEWS DIVISION): HAVE YOU SEEN THE SLEW OF ***GADGET-AND-INVENTION-TYPE MAGS*** ON THE NEWSSTANDS THESE DAYS, ***CRAMMED-FULL*** OF ***ADS*** FOR ***USELESS SURPLUS MERCHANDISE*** AND ***WHO-NEEDS-THEM NEW INVENTIONS?*** THE ***COVER*** IS USUALLY A ***COME-ON*** PROMISING YOU A ***FULLER LIFE*** WITH THAT ***EASY-TO-MAKE DOO-DAD*** YOU'VE ***ALWAYS WANTED.*** PANIC MAGAZINE TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING ITS ***OWN*** VERSION OF ONE OF THESE ***DO-IT-YOURSELF, IMPROVE-YOUR-LOT PUBLICATIONS.*** ***OURS*** IS CALLED...



AFTER YOU'VE *CONVINCED* YOURSELF THAT YOU'VE *ALWAYS WANTED* TO BUILD IRVING FRIDDLE'S ROCKET SHIP OUT OF SPARE PLUMBING PARTS, YOU *BUY* THE BULKY BOOK, YOU *OPEN IT UP*, AND *FIRST HAVE TO PLOW THROUGH 60 OR 70 PAGES OF ADS LIKE THESE*:

BE AN ARTIST MAKE BIG MONEY

Melvin Sturdley made a 3 ft. 8 inch dollar bill after just one lesson!

You get to keep these slightly used artist's materials with your course.

pencil

eraser

beret

paint rag

ENROLL NOW!

START YOUR CAREER IN ART TODAY!

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF ART
Dept. P-41, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS

The kind men like! Vest Pocket Size

VAA-VOOM SALES CO.
Hookyuhville, Wisc.

EARN MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME

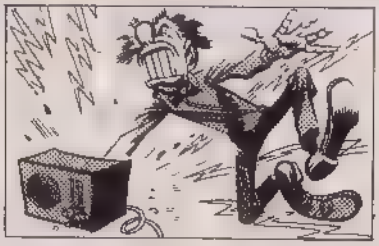
Send for Handy-Dandy Business Kit

$10.00
Postpaid

Kit includes gun, ammunition, and list of promising banks, payroll offices, etc.

STURDLEY STICK-UP CAREERS
Dept. P-42, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

I GOT A START IN RADIO!



says Melvin Sturdley successful radio repairman

LEARN RADIO REPAIRING AT HOME!

You get to keep these useless junked radio parts with your worthless course.

old tube

old dial

old resistor

old crow

SEND FOR SAMPLE LESSON TODAY!

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF RADIO
Dept. P-43, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

INVENTORS

PROTECT YOUR INVENTION

Why let just anybody steal it when you can let me do it?

MELVIN STURDLEY PATENT ATTORNEY
Dept. P-44, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

BARBELLS

Learn to pick them up. Feel like a new man. Where there's a bar, there's a bell. Learn the correct method. Send for free little black book of names, addresses, and phone numbers.

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. P-45, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

RUPTURED?

GEE, THAT'S TOUGH!
Don't lift no heavy weights like picking up barbells, f'rinstance.

SOMEWHERE AFTER THE SEVENTIETH PAGE OF ADS LIKE THE PRECEDING, IF YOU LOOK REAL HARD, YOU *MAY* FIND THE *LETTERS TO THE EDITORS* COLUMN. OF COURSE, THERE'RE *ALWAYS ADS* ALONGSIDE IT. *AFTER ALL*, WHY *WASTE* SPACE ON STUFF *READERS* MIGHT BE *INTERESTED IN*, WHEN THEY CAN *SELL* SPACE AND *INCREASE THEIR REVENUE*?...

DRAW ME!

WIN A PARTIAL SCHOLARSHIP

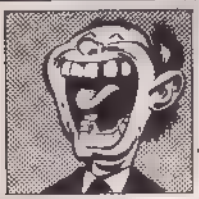
To A Famous Art Course!

YOU PAY THE DIFFERENCE

Nobody loses—Everybody's got talent!

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF ART

Dept. P-46, Hookyuhville, Wisc.



ILLUSTRATED COMIC BOOKLETS

The kind men like!
Vest Pocket Size.

VAA-VOOM SALES CO.
Hookyuhville, Wisc.

LEARN HYPNOTISM

MAKE HER BEND TO YOUR WILL.
HAVE HER AT YOUR MERCY.

Easy instruct on book gives you all the details Rush a card Read fast You may not have to pay the postman $1 79

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF SEDUCTION
Dept. P-47, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

SEND ONLY $1.00

I'm broke. I need the dough.

STURDLEY CHARITY ORGANIZATIONS
Dept. P 48, Hookyuhville, Wisc.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs,

On page 265 of your recent issue, you suggested the use of asbestos shingling to protect wood from the flame of an oxy-acetelene torch. Do you know that such a shingle explodes violently under extreme heat like with a flame from an oxy-acetelene torch. I think you ought to warn your readers. I'm forwarding my hospital bill to you. After all.

Lacerated and Third Degree Burned Reader

The shingle you used was probably not an asbestos shingle but an asbestos-cement shingle. There's a difference. Am returning bill. Get well soon and read more carefully from now on.—eds.

Dear Popular Mecpanics Editor,

In the last issue, you said that a good solvent for plastic castings is a mixture of acetone and kentucky bourbon. I want to thank you for starting me on the road to success in my own business. I have sold my plastic casting business and gone into the Bar and Grill business. The gang is wild about my new drink, acetone and kentucky bourbon. I add a mariscino cherry for color.

Grateful Al

Mariscino cherry juice is a sodium solicilate compound and when mixed with acetone, a hetrophenol biproduct, and kentucky bourbon, containing alcohol, you are creating a high explosive known as MAKB. Any slight jar will blow your customers to bits. Good luck in your new venture.—eds.

Dear Editors,

I would like to tell you what I think of your last issue. For my part, you could take the whole thing and shove

(*Continued on page 297*)

THEN COMES FORTY-ODD PAGES OF ***CLASSIFIED ADS.*** IF YOU ***READ EACH*** AND ***EVERY ONE,*** USUALLY SET IN ***MICROSCOPIC TYPE,*** YOU CAN ***PUT IN YOUR ORDER*** FOR A ***SEEING-EYE DOG.*** TO ***PROTECT YOUR EYE-SIGHT, WE'RE*** ONLY PRINTING THE ***FIRST PAGE:***

WORLD'S WORST WANT AD MEDIUM

CLASSIFIED *Advertisements*

MAKE MONEY ON THE SUCKERS

Advertisements in this miserable eye-straining section only 90c per word per insertion per issue, minimum two words, payable in advance. If you want to get on the sucker-bandwagon, your crooked copy must be in our Hong Kong office on the 20th of the third month preceding the fourth week after off-sale of the previous issue. Make checks payable to I. Strain, Adv. Mgr.

Here are thousands and thousands and thousands of opportunities to buy worthless and useless articles that may not even come after you order them. Read these Ads. Answer them. Be a sucker. We warned you.

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILE Bodies. Build your own hot-rod over a scrotar chassis. Fool your friends. Our junk yard is the most complete on the west coast. Fenders, doors, grills etc. sent by mail to anywhere in U.S. Write for free catalog. Include $1.00 postage. Hot-Bodies. Box 6679 1/6, Fanbelt, Oreg.

BIG Money in Auto body repairs. Start your business today. Send for Dent-Out Repair Kit and simplified instruction booklet plus Steel Armor Plating to put on your own car to start you off smashing up potential customers. Dent-Out, Box 6679 1/6, Fanbelt, Oreg.

COMIC Books. The kind men like. Vest pocket size. Coat pocket size for men who don't wear vests. Keep them in your Auto glove compartment for any occasion. Woo-Woo Sales Co. Box 6679 1/8, Fanbelt, Oreg.

BOATS, OUTBOARD MOTORS

BUILD your own battleship. Actual U.S.N. blueprints. Send for free micro-film frame. Spy-Surplus Sales Corp., Moscow, U.S.S.R.

BUY 6000 ton Surplus U.S.N. Sub-Chaser. A real Bargain. Only $100.00 FOB Gobi Desert. You pay nominal freight charges. How do we know how it got to the middle of the Gobi Desert! Write soon. Supply limited. Spy-Surplus Sales Corp., Moscow, U.S.S.R.

BOAT Kits. Build your own boat. Easy to follow instructions. Plans and Materials List plus free Mae West Life Jacket to wear when you launch it $1.00. Boat-Kits, Box 6679 1/8, Fanbelt, Oreg.

COMIC BOOKS. The kind men like. Pea-Coat Pocket size. Salty Stories. Keep them in your life raft for any occasion. Woo-Woo Sales Co., Box 6679 1/8, Fanbelt, Oreg.

BINOCULARS, TELESCOPES, MICROSCOPES, MAGNIFIERS

BUILD Your own 1000 power day and night telescope. Study the signs in the sky and the starlet across the court. Get interesting facts. About our kits. Write today for free booklet. Eyeful Products. Box 00, Lensburg, Pa. Enclose $2.00 handling charge.

DISCOVER a whole new world. Slightly used microscopes. See the wonders of nature, the life teeming in a drop of your own drinking water. Discover why you've suffered from Amoebic Dysentery all these years. Tear wings off flies, legs off ants, tails off guppies and see their intricate cell structures. Eyeful Products, Box 00, Lensburg, Pa. Send for catalog and free onion skin.

COMIC Books. The kind men like. Printed on slides. Look like you're working on an important experiment while you're Wee-Woo Sales Co. Box 6679 1/6, Fanbelt, Oreg.

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

ARTIFICIAL Lightning. Make it yourself, in your own home. Interesting display to liven up a dull party. Works off ordinary house current. Generates 6,000,000 Volts. Shoots ten feet. Splinters tables, chairs, floors. Perfect gift for the scientific-minded party-giver. Watt Sales, Box 116V, Amperage, N.M.

FOOL Your friends. Surplus Electric Chair. Really works. Interesting item to liven up a dull party. This'll kill 'em. Can be upholstered to look like ordinary furniture. Supply limited. Prison Products Surplus Corp. Box 216V, Alcatraz, Va.

SHOCK Your prudish friends. Comic books. The kind men like. Interesting items to liven up a dull party. Woo-Woo Sales Co. Same Address.

FARMS AND ACREAGE

LIVE In Sunny Southern California. Solve your vacation or retirement problems. Let the Blue Pacific be your back yard. In fact, it can be your front yard too. Underwater Estates, Millabon Beach, Calif. Write for free tide table.

FLORIDA homesites. Every lot facing the Gulf of Mexico. Build your house looking out over its blue waters. You can see it on clear days. Short ten mile drive to beautiful private bathing beaches that you can't get into. Fishing and hunting terrific, if all the lands weren't posted. You might grow oranges. Write for free illustrated brochure with cleverly touched-up pictures and photo-montages that make this miserable deal look pretty good. Hinterland Homesites, Swampville, Fla.

FARM Opportunity. Lovely 40 acre tract. Original sale. Must be seen to be appreciated. Elderly couple ready to retire after raising rats for 68 years. If you've a yen to get back to the soil, this is your chance. Farm house and barn go with property. Just pick them up at Centersville, Ark. which is 47 miles from Pottstown, Okla. where the farm is. The last twister took 'em there. Beezley RFD 8, Pottstown, Okla

COMIC Books. The kind that men-farmers like. Keep them in the hay loft for any occasion. Hay-Hay Sales Co. RFD 8, Pottstown, Okla.

DON'T Be fooled. Buy only new, not second hand Comic Books, the kind men-anything like. Woo-Woo Sales Co. Box 6679 1/8, You know where.

GAMES, TOYS, NOVELTIES

FULL Gross toy balloons. Just the thing for parties and social events. Less than one cent each. Factory rejects. Nothing wrong with them except a small hole in each, hardly discernable to the naked eye yet big enough to make it impossible to blow them up. Fzzzzz Sales Corp. Box PPT, Boomsiss, Minn.

THROW Your voice. Be a ventriloquist. Have fun getting other people's faces slapped. Be the life of the party. Throw your voice into boxes, cars, bathrooms. Get thrown out of boxes, cars, bathrooms. Tight-Lipped Caresta, Clenched Teeth, Mont.

WE Supply thousands of professional magicians with the amazing patented "Sawing a Woman in Half" illusion. Due to circumstances beyond our control we are no longer manufacturing this illusion. However, we can now supply interested parties with various size half-women. State which half when ordering. Fraction Anatomy Co. Upper Lowerdame, N. Y.

MYSTIFY Your friends with Comic Books, the kind Magicians like, Silk Hat size. Also sleeve size for the informal performer. Keep them in your Chinese Torture Chest for any occasion. Woo-Woo Sales Corp. Same address.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$1.00 GUARANTEES You a life-time income. Send for sample Pyramid Club letter form. Start one a week. If everybody joins, you will make $1,894,-842 per year. Be your own boss. Mail-Order Schemes, Box 8, Sing-Sing, N. Y.

START A Profitable business on a shoestring. Everybody wears shoes. Need I say more. Tie into some big dough. Knot everybody can do it. Bills-For-Bows, Eyelet, Calif.

METALIZE Baby shoes. This is a real lucrative racket. Every parent is a sentimental slob when it comes to their brat's first pair of baby shoes. Send for free sample bronze paint. Miserable Mimentos, Souvenir, S.C.

OWN Your own Golf Course. Cash in on America's number-one growing sport. If you have seven hundred hile acres of land and a spare bankroll of, say, Two Hundred Grand, you can start your own Golf Course and play free. Send for interesting booklet. Millionaire's Pastime Industries, Bucks County, Pa.

SELL Illustrated Comic Books, the kind Buyers like. Sample-case size. Carry along with your present line and break down sales resistance to your present dull uninteresting product. Woo-Woo-Wee Sales Co. We haven't moved.

PERSONAL

NEED Money? Want $200, $300 right away? Want to pay off all your debts and wipe the slate clean? Want to get your wife/sweetheart that ring/fur coat she's been hinting for? Want cash? Money? Loot? So, what makes you think you're anything special! We all got troubles. Let's Face It Philosophy School teaches you how to stop getting deeper and deeper into hock.

IRVING. Come home. All is Forgiven. We love you. Ma.

LONELY? Desire companionship, warmth, friendship? Can you write? Send your name, age, sex, and complete description of your home, especially where you keep your valuables, and you'll be having company soon. Second-Story Social Club, G.P.O., Ossening, N. Y.

IRVING. Come home. We miss you and want you back. Sis.

BE Rich. Make money. My financial secret revealed in startling booklet. Only $1.00. (I make $15,000 dollars a year on suckers who send for this booklet. All I do is tell them, in it, to take an ad and say, "Be rich. Make money. My financial secret revealed . . ."

IRVING, come home. And bring back those Illustrated Comic Booklets, the kind I like. Paw.

MISCELLANEOUS

MOUSTACHE Wax, in 100 pound barrels. Cheap. You can never tell when someone will call you up at 2 A.M. some morning and ask, "Got any Moustache Wax?" Be prepared. Say, "Yes!" and when he comes over to get it, hit him with a Dinosaur bone. Send for skeleton diagram with sizes and prices. More Useless Products Corp. Fairbanks, Alaska

RARE OLD Illustrated Comic booklets, the kind rare old men like. Wescot pocket size. Novel new size to hide in spats. Wee-Woo-Wee-Woo-Woo etc.

AND NOW, *FINALLY*, ON PAGE *190* OR SO, COMES THE *BODY* OF THE MAGAZINE... A FEW LONELY PAGES OF *NEW INVENTIONS* AND *RECENT DEVELOPMENTS* IN THE *WORLD OF SCIENCE*. HERE ARE *TWO* PAGES. *THEY* USUALLY HAVE *FIVE*, MAYBE...

Tulsa Dentist Discovers New Method of Extracting Teeth

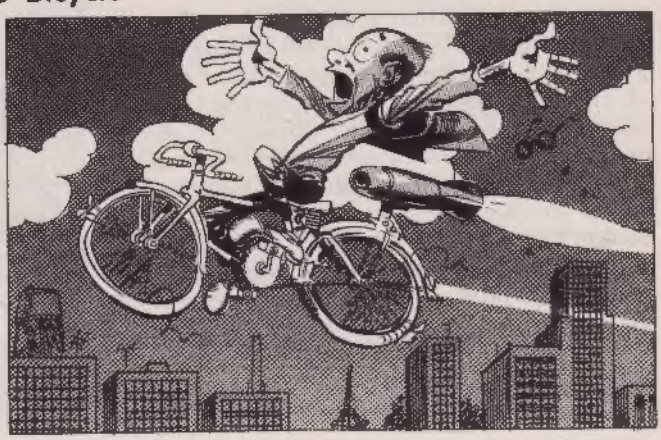
A new chemical, destined to revolutionize the Dental Industry and Tooth Extraction methods, was demonstrated last month by Melvin Sturdley, its inventor. Used in minute quantities, injected into the gum below the infected tooth, this newly developed chemical explosive, much like a mild T. N. T., blows out chopper when patient's head is jarred, like with a baseball bat. The inventor is shown here with his patient after a first attempt with his new method. (The patient, Irving Friddle, is expected to recover.)

Refrigerator with Two-Way Door Saves Many Steps

A revolutionary two-way hinge and handle arrangement on a new model refrigerator, developed by a big manufacturer, enables the door to swing open either way, thereby saving many steps for the poor over-worked housewife. The amazing appliance was demonstrated recently as two people stood on either side of it, opening the door, first to the right, then to the left. This picture shows them as they both pressed the handle at the same time. The door fell off. (The photographer, Irving Friddle, is expected to recover.)

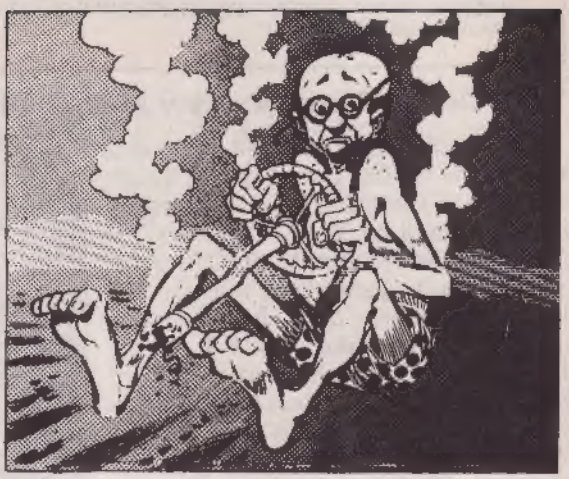
Miniature Jet Engine Attaches to Bicycle

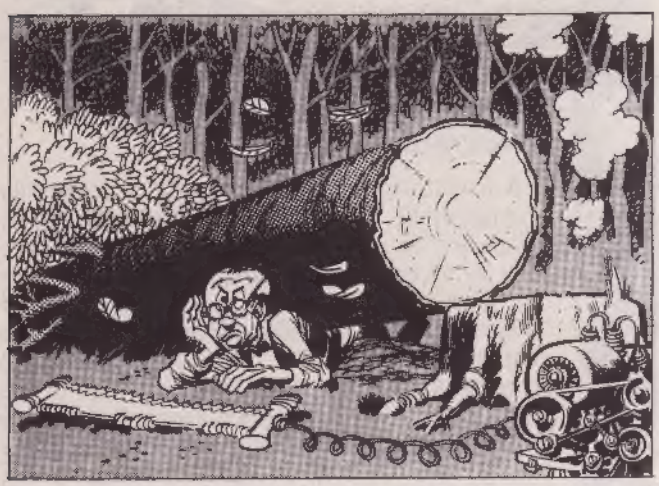
Bicycling enthusiasts will be pleased to learn that a new invention, designed by Irving Friddle, of Boston, Mass., will take the strain out of peddling. A small jet engine, bolted to the rear fender, powered by kerosene and liquid oxygen, will deliver enough thrust to drive a bike up to 287 miles per hour without peddling. When testing his invention, Mr. Friddle spread his arms in a "no-hands" pose. This picture shows him as he buzzed St. Louis. He and his bike were found outside of Denver, Colo. (Irving is expected to recover.)



16 Barrelled Carburetor Will Enable Hot-Rods to Crack Sound Barrier

Able to be built for a reasonable $2593, a new 16 barrelled carburetor, using air injection and T. C. P. additive, will enable any hot-rod enthusiast to drive his heap through the sonic barrier. Irving Friddle, the inventor of this amazing gadget, which is destined to revolutionize the automotive industry, is shown in this picture just after his stripped down Chevvy reached the phenomenal speed of 772 M. P. H. when the whole mess exploded. (Irving is expected to recover.)



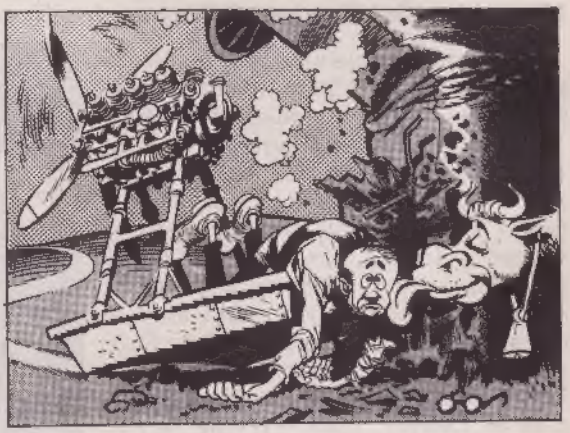


Electrified Hand-Saw Slashes Through Trees in 3 Seconds

A newly developed electrified saw, designed to simplify the tedious job of clearing wooded lands, was demonstrated recently. The insulated hand-saw blade, wired to a 7000 Volt generator, easily burned through a 26 inch tree in three seconds. This picture shows the inventor, Irving Friddle, just after the tree was felled. There wasn't time to get out of the way. (Irving is expected to recover.)

Airplane Engine with Propeller Pushes Flatbottom Swamp Boat

A surplus airplane engine, mounted on the stern of a flatbottom boat, easily pushes the odd-looking craft over Florida swamp waters previously considered unnavigatible because of the thick growth of sub-surface marine plants that entangled and hopelessly choked ordinary outboard motor propelled boats. A successful demonstration of this invention ended chaotically, however, when the engine couldn't be stopped. The craft is shown here, after it skidded out of the swamp and continued overland, finally crashing into a silo on a farm forty-two miles from the nearest water. (The inventor, Irving Friddle, is not expected to recover.)



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